

JAN. 12, 1904.

The "Daily Mirror," January 13, 1904.

READ PAGES 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 61.

Registered at the G. P. O.
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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1904.

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For Clues see Last Sunday's

WEEKLY DISPATCH

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LADY Costumes of fawn and green check
silk lined; lined silk, green and blue
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ERIOR black glass Blouse lace
and ruchings; nearly new. Write
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

OTTOIR "Costume of claret red
trimmings grey panno silk
skirt; 25s. average. Write
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

OTTOIR "Costume of dark
wool, coat lined; average size: 25s.
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

O light delaine Blouses prettily
text fashion; good condition. 10s.
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

O useful Coats, size and semi-fitting
frocks and dark blue cloth. Write
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

O pretty delaine Blouse 7s. Ed. size
semi-fitting. Write "Daily
medium. Write 2942, "Daily
Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DERLIVEN: 10s. Ed. parcels; 5 shillings
3 knickerbockers petticoats. 3 long
coats. 15s. Ed.—Eves, 89, Union-road, Croydon.

ETYL black cashmere Winter Coat
trimmings white lining: 15s. Ed.
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ERY dainty Tea-jacket of soft
silk; trimmed pale-blue ribbon
3 fresh: 24. 42. 35s. Write 2853,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

EWY stylish cream cloth Costume;
quarter satin-lined coat; beautiful
e fresh: 24. 42. 35s. Write 2853,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

ARM pale blue Cloak, reversible
nearly new: 12s. Ed.—Write 2256,
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

HITE washing silk Blouses (two
6d. the two). Write 2909, "Daily
New Bond-street, W.

INTER Jacket, semi-fitting, of dark
cloth, trimmed bands of cream
ing: 29s.—Write 2809, "Daily
"Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-
street, W.

JUNG Widow wishes to dispose of re-
tiree Costumes, dark blue and ready
made; good condition; suitable
1.—Write 2398, "Daily Mirror,"
id-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

1 12 each Table and Dessert Spoons
ks. also Teaspoons (5 pairs) silver
knots; 12s. Ed. 12s. Ed. 12s. Ed.
; unsold; appoval—A. B., 55, Hanover
d. S.W.

AGAIN—Handsome lady's 18s. Ed.
case. Watch Chain, with locket
y 2s. Ed.; rare bargain; appoval
on payment—Miss Russell, 15, Upper
street, London, W.

EAR Carriage Rug: dark brown
lined; quite new. Write 2272,
Major, 2, Claylands-road, S.W.

BUTICK (full size, linen, 1s.
bordered and welted; carriage
after. Newbury.

AMOND Kaffir crystal pheasant
12s. Ed.; cost £1. artistic
make; 12s. Ed. 12s. Ed. 12s. Ed.
at; cost silver gold-cased; in case
dy B., 68, Stockwell-road, S.W.

OWN QUILTS.—500 Traveller
univaled; must be sheltered at a
st. 12s. Ed. by Sft. only. Ed.
able; carriage Ed.; 2 for 9s. Ed. 12s.
rm'd if not approved—Cras Stewar
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ISH KNIVES and Forks; hand-
pair; silver-mounted; ivory han
w: 16s. Ed.; worth 80s.; appoval—
.. Clapham-road.

TENELMAN'S 2 guinea Umbrella
ivory tusk handle. Fox frame, section
Write 2872, "Daily Mirror," 45, New
West. W.

JANDKERSHES—Lady's pure
stitched Handkerchiefs. Ed. 12s.
orth double; sample 12s. Ed.
mrose, 52, Arundel-road, Croydon.

ADY wishes to sell Service silver
Cutlery, hall-marked; 12s. Ed.
nives, carvers and steel; 12s. Ed.
take; world's best. 12s. Ed.
to; handsome long-gold-case
s. Ed.; real bargains; appoval before
you; willing. Write Mrs. Le Vene
Household-road, N.

ADY's 2 guinea silk Umbrella,
silver handle 7s. deep, richly
aragon frame; quite new. 12s.
5. Handforth-road, S.W.

MOLESKINS, dressed, for stoles, m
etc. 6s. dozen.—Adams, Furier, C
New Bond-street, W.

PAIR silver-backed Hair Brushed; silver
for, and silver-mounted. 12s. Ed.
suite, lady will sell above 12s. Ed.
2s. Ed.; unsold; appoval—H. B., 5
road, S.W.

PARRAKEET, small, beautifully finger
7s. Ed.—Marie, 57, Ravensbury-road,
field, Surrey.

WRITING Desk and Furniture for
12s. Ed.—Write 756, "Daily Mirror,"
New Bond-street, W.

Printed and Published by W. D. Rose,
Carmelite-street, London, E.C.
January 12, 1904.

"THE LADY" says :

One of these days the DAILY MAIL YEAR BOOK will no longer be appropriately and colloquially designated "the little red book," if it continues to increase at the rate it has exhibited up to the present, for the new volume for 1904 is nearly double the size of its predecessor, and contains a stupendous amount of information, admirably arranged and indexed. It is the sort of book that one wants to refer to a dozen times a day.

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1225 Serenade — — — — — Seppilli.
1226 Aria "Il Barbiere de Seville" — — — — — Rossini.
1227 Toreador Song "Carmen" — — — — — Bizet.

Our special forecast for to-day is: gusty southerly and south-westerly winds; unsettled, mild and humid; occasional rain. Lighting-up time, 5.15 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all moderate to rather rough.

13th Day of Year.

353 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1904.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

HOME.

The King, accompanied by several friends, left London yesterday afternoon for Sandringham.

Lord Braybrooke, master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, died yesterday.

The appointment of Mr. F. E. H. Elliott, Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Hellenes, as a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and George is announced in last night's "Gazette."

The State apartments of Windsor Castle will be closed on and after Friday next, January 15, until further orders.

Major Leckie, who received a severe mauling from a panther in Somaliland, has just come home and hints that the country is capable of great development were it not for such individuals as the Mullah.—See page 4.

So far the counsel in the Whitaker Wright case have been very polite to each other, and full of admiration for each other's talents.—See page 5.

Mr. Balfour has advised his hearers at the Manchester Conservative Club not to fall into the Radical fault of being fifty years behind the age in which you live.—See page 3.

Battersea Municipal Council has appointed a lady inspector, who will be able to give poor mothers' advice as to the nursing of their children.—See page 4.

An extraordinary story of military neglect is told in connection with the case of the soldier who was wounded by a bullet at the Camberley sham fight.—See page 9.

Lady James Smith presided at a large meeting of ladies in Birmingham yesterday, at which it was resolved to establish a Birmingham and Midland Women's Imperial Tariff Reform League to be affiliated to the Imperial Tariff Reform League.

Recent reforms must have made the Army more popular. Cadets at Sandhurst are increasing, and £380,000 is to be spent on increased accommodation.

While leaving a convivial gathering in Dunsden a man stabbed his mother. She died shortly afterwards. The man is in custody, and is apparently too dazed to speak.

The first "trust" public-house in London is to be opened at Bayside, Southwark, tomorrow. The district is a densely crowded and very poor one.—See page 9.

The War Office is about to send out to the Cape a large number of the wives and children of soldiers who are still in South Africa.

Miss Ethel Sydney, the leading Gaiety lady, was married yesterday to Mr. S. R. Oliver, and has finally bidden farewell to the stage.

The Marie Corelli farthing fund in aid of Mrs. Jay's libel action against a local journalist, now amounts to over £7. Lovely woman little dispute.

Foreign and Colonial.

Japan's second Note to Russia has been drafted, and was submitted to a Council of Ministers yesterday. It is believed that it will give a last opportunity to Russia for reconsidering the situation.—See page 9.

The Tatiana is again ill, and her condition is causing alarm in the Imperial circle.

A message has been received from Chumbi, Tibet, stating that Colonel Younghusband, commanding the Tibetan mission, has passed the Tangla Pass to Tuna.

The shipping strikes in Spain are growing serious. All the ports are gradually becoming affected, and the strikers expect the crews of the mail steamers to join them.

The Pope is really behaving just like any country curate. He is to hold a bazaar of the presents offered to Leo XIII. on the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, when large numbers of the faithful will be in Rome.

In order to encourage native "old masters," the United States Customs authorities have charged Mrs. Jack Gardner, a Boston society leader, £40,000 for the privilege of introducing some European works of art into her country.

Miss Lascelles, daughter of Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador at Berlin, has become engaged to Mr. Spring-Rice, now secretary to the British Embassy in St. Petersburg.

The French Progressivist and Liberal groups have decided to put forward M. Bertrand, one of the members for the Department of the Marne, as their candidate for the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies.

General Prince Louis Bonaparte yesterday proceeded to the house, 20, Rue de Berri, which was for so long the residence of the late Princess Mathilde, and has decided not to receive anybody except a few intimate friends until after the funeral of the deceased Princess, which takes place to-day or tomorrow.

Sir Hugh Muir Nelson, K.C.M.G., President of the Legislative Council of Queensland, has been appointed Governor of the Colony.

The Canadian Government has decided to install at once a new submarine bell alarm system on the St. Lawrence route, for the protection of ships.

Walter George Sandow, stoker, who was seriously injured in the boiler explosion on H.M.S. Wallaroo, died yesterday in St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney.

Court Circular.



Sandringham, Jan. 12.

His Majesty the King, attended by Lord Knollys, Colonel A. Davidson, and the Hon. John Ward, arrived at Sandringham this evening from Buckingham Palace.

His Excellency the Marquis de Soveral, the Marquis and Marquise d'Hautpoul, the Countess of Gosford, Lady Alexandra Acheson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, and Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton have arrived at Sandringham.

Signor Canonica has had the honour of submitting for His Majesty's inspection a bust he has sculptured of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman at Maidstone.

Teachers' Guild Conference, City of London School, 10 to 1.

Mr. Edward Clarke on "The Licensing Question: A Retrospect and a Suggestion," the Constitutional Club.

Maine's Performance of Miss Netta Syrett's fairy play, aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, at the Albert Hall.

Sales.

J. Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 118, Regent-street, W. Dibden & Freebody, Wigmore-street, W. P. & E. Peacock, Piccadilly-circus.

Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, W., and Vere Street, 12, New Burlington-street.

Norman & Stacey, Tottenham-court-road.

Grosvenor, Hanover-square.

Samuel Lewis & Co., 5, Holborn-bars, E.C.

Levi & Allenby, Regent-street and Conduit-street, W.

Well Sidney-place, Wardour-street.

Made Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.

Conduit-street, S.W.

Helen Sloane-street, S.W.

Mayhew & Son, 19 and 20, New Bond-street, W.

Adam McAfee, 63, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

Theatres.

"Adelphi," "Little Hans Andersen," 2.15; "The East and the Girl," 8.15.

"Apollo," "Madame Sherry," 8.15.

"Comedy," "The Girl from Kays," 8.

"Court," "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit," and "Snowdrop," 2.30; "Bohemians," 8.15; "The Question," 9.

"Daly's," "Ib and Little Christina," 3; "A Country Girl," 8.

"Drury Lane," "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.

"Duke of York's," "Lettie," 8.

"Garrick," "The Orchid," 8.

"Garrick," "Water Babies," 2.15; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.

"Haymarket," "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.

"His Majesty's," "The Darling of the Gods," 2.15 and 8.15.

"Imperial," "Monsieur Beauchare," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Lyric," "The Duchess of Dantzig," 2 and 8.

"New," "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.

"Prince of Wales's," "The School Girl," 2 and 8.

"Royalty," "Swift and Vanessa," 2.30; "Zapfenstreich," 8.15.

"St. James's," "The Professor's Love Story," 2.30 and 8.30.

"Strand," "A Chinese Honey-moon," 2.15 and 8.

"Tenn's," "My Lady Holly," 2.30 and 8.15.

"Tivoli," "The Chinese Girl," 2 and 8.

"Wyndham's," "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

"Alhambra," "Carmen," doors open 7.45.

"Empire," "Looping through Space," doors open 7.45.

"Hippodrome," "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.

"Palace," Varieties and Bioscope Pictures, 8.

*Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

MR. BALFOUR'S ADVICE.

Avoid Musty Formulas and Consider the Weaker Brethren.

COMMITTEE OF IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

The Prime Minister, in his after-luncheon speech at the Manchester Conservative Club yesterday, limited any allusions to the fiscal question to giving his hearers two pieces of advice.

"Don't," he said, "fall into the ordinary Radical fault of being fifty years behind the age in which you live." There was nothing like your true Radical for contending himself with a formula which perhaps never was wholly true, and which was now not only wholly false, but musty and antiquated.

His second piece of advice was as to their own internal affairs. The Conservative and Unionist Party—certainly the Conservative and Unionist Government—was the Party and the Government of fiscal reform. There were, as was but natural, some divisions among them as to the precise extent to which fiscal reform should go.

On that subject his advice was simply let them all, so far as was consistent with public policy, have regard to the feelings of the weaker brethren—but who the weaker brethren were he left each one to determine for himself. Each one, no doubt, would determine that the weaker brother was the one who deserved him.

Imperial Defence.

The remainder of Mr. Balfour's remarks were concerning the new Committee of Imperial Defence. He thought that it had already done good work, and believed that it was going to do still better in the future.

The other day the Minister of War for Canada came over to this country to discuss with the Colonial Office and the War Office certain important questions connected with the development of the Canadian Militia. With the consent of the Cabinet he asked him if he would attend a meeting of the Defence Committee to discuss these questions, not as a witness, not as a suppliant, but as a member.

The discussion was a most useful, a most helpful, a most friendly, and a most fruitful one. On that particular date, for the first time in the history of the British Empire a machinery was found by which a representative minister of one of our great Colonies sat to discuss with them common questions of Imperial defence.

The difficulties in connection with India could be mitigated by developing as far as possible the Committee of Defence, so that it should embrace all the authorities on India who had a primary right to speak upon the question of Indian defence.

ARMY REFORM CRITICS.

Speaking in the evening at a reception given to the workers in the East Manchester Division, Mr. Balfour, alluding to Army reform, said after the election of 1895 he made a reference to our fighting machine.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Rosebery had since urged that this was a kind of character given to the efficiency of other Administrations, but that was a profound error.

While giving full credit to Lord Spencer, he (Mr. Balfour) never suggested that during the three years the Home Rule Government was in office they had done anything to continue reforms begun by Mr. Stanhope, or to anticipate reforms subsequently undertaken by Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Brodrick.

TO CHECK COTTON GAMBLING.

Certain proposals were laid before Mr. Balfour at Manchester yesterday by a delegation representing employers and operatives in the cotton trade, who desired the Government to take steps to prevent International gambling in American cotton.

They asked for an International conference to formulate a basis for International legislation to suppress gambling on cotton "futures," and that the British Government should send experts to the cotton-growing regions to glean information as to the extent of crop to be expected.

Mr. Balfour said he would make inquiries as to whether official information could be organised, and that he would carefully consider the suggested International conference.

THE KING'S VISITS.

It is stated that the King's visit to Ireland, which is to be followed by a tour in Wales, will not be in state, but that his Majesty will go privately as the guest of the Lord Lieutenant.

M. Maruejouls, French Minister of Public Works, has resigned on account of the debate on the sale of the Southern and Western Railways in the Chamber being fixed for Jan. 20.

POOR PRISONERS ACT.

The Recorder Complains That an Inquiry Bureau is Necessary.

Manzio Caliendo provided ten guineas, all he had in the world, so his statement read, for his defence at the police-court. Yesterday at the Old Bailey he petitioned for counsel under the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act.

This was the first application, said the Recorder, that he had had under the Act. The prisoner did not need defence in the police-court. It seemed a bureau might be needed to inquire into prisoners' means. The Act was to provide solicitors and counsel for prisoners, but the late Mr. Montagu Williams used to say that the best brief was a copy of the depositions. He wanted to know what this man's means were, and was he to detain the jury while inquiries were being made?

Eventually the inspector in charge of the case said the prisoner paid £124 a year rent, and the Recorder, concluding Caliendo was not a poor man, refused the legal aid petitioned for.

His lordship stopped another case, and directed the jury to find a verdict of Not Guilty. He remarked that he had defended that prisoner. There was no need to charge the British taxpayer in the defence of a poor prisoner. All the Acts of Parliament involved additional taxation.

A MUNICIPAL "MOTHER."

Feminine Official Who Will Teach Proper Care of Children.

Not content with supplying municipal milk for the children of Battersea, the Council's Health Committee has decided to invest in a "municipal mother."

This decision is expected to be ratified to-day by the Health Committee of the London County Council, who, it is hoped, will also contribute £55 per annum, being half the "mother's" salary. For this mother will not work for love alone.

Officially she will be known as an "additional lady sanitary inspector," as the council has no power to appoint a health inspector—the name similar "mothers" in Sheffield, Birmingham, and Glasgow are known by.

The Ignorance of Mothers.

"Our mother's duty will be to visit the homes of the children," said the medical officer of health for Battersea yesterday. "Even the majority of women who feed their children on our municipal milk are lamentably ignorant of the most elementary laws of health. They must be taught, and it is impossible to teach them except in their own houses. The lady we hope to employ will show the women how to keep the little one's surroundings clean, what to do in cases of sudden illness, how best to nurse the babies when ill, and the use of simple medicines."

The municipal mother will have to be possessed of great tact as well as decision of character, for a real mother has often most unaccountable prejudices as to the feeding of her child.

Not Fit to Care for a Kitten.

Point is given to the Battersea Council's views by some remarks of the West Middlesex Coroner yesterday. He said, apropos of the frequent cases of "over-laying," that "a lot of young women married who were unfit to take care of a kitten or a canary." He pointed out that at Acton and Brentford the effect of a leaflet issued by the district councils, pointing out the danger of having children in bed with the mother, had been the complete stopping of infant suffocation for a year.

The jury asked the coroner to induce the Willesden District Council to issue such a leaflet.

GATESHEAD AND NORWICH.

The writ for the Gateshead election was received yesterday. The nominations have been fixed for Saturday next and the polling for the Wednesday following.

At Norwich yesterday Mr. Ernest Wild, Conservative; Mr. Louis Tillett, Liberal; and Mr. G. R. Roberts, Labour, were duly nominated. The polling takes place on Friday.

An inquiry addressed to the Liberal leaders in the Lords and Commons on Monday by a Blackpool gentleman, asking if they would be prepared to serve under the Duke of Devonshire as Prime Minister, has been followed by a telegram from Lord Spencer, saying that the question is as yet hypothetical, recognising which he must at present respectfully decline to give an answer.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman has not yet replied.

In response to a letter from Mr. Howard Tripp, Mr. Chamberlain states that the brewing trade will be represented on the Tariff Reform Commission.

POOR PRINCESS LOUISE.

Is King Leopold's Daughter
Really Insane?

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Tuesday.

A fresh campaign of calumny has been started against the unhappy Princess Louise of Coburg, the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians. The circumstances which led to the Princess being taken to a private asylum at Lindenholz in Saxony are still fresh in the memory. From that day a section of the Vienna Press has interested itself in the supposed doings of the Princess.

The latest alleged adventure of the Princess, published by a journal here, has called forth indignant protests from the Viennese, who resent the publication of these stories, which they describe as absolute fabrications. It is stated that the Princess took to philandering with the porter of the asylum, and that the affair, coming to the knowledge of the officials, the porter was discharged, and the distinguished inmate shut up in her room.

This campaign of calumny is prosecuted with one object—to make it clear that the Princess is hopelessly mad. The stories emanate from one brain. People speak of a lawyer as the inventor of them, and of a high personage who employs him.

Pathetic Calumnies.

These disgraceful and quite scandalous statements are wonderfully varied. Sometimes the Princess is represented as showing pathetic devotion to a flower; at other times she is said to tear off her skirt, and to play for hours with trivial objects. Again, she is described as indulging in endless, incoherent hafangues. All these statements are circulated with a view to proving that there is no hope of betterment for Princess Louise.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that five years ago a newspaper boldly stated that the Princess was not mad, and that she had been put away in order to blindfold creditors. The issue of the newspaper which published this statement was suddenly exhausted. Twenty-four hours afterwards not a single copy could be had, although it was not made clear to the manager that the paper had acquired more readers than usual.

The Princess has stalwart champions in the German Press. The "Frankfurter Zeitung," one of the most reliable and best-conducted newspapers in Germany, characterizes the latest story of the Princess as base villainy committed with the object of keeping a woman, absolutely without defence, shut up for ever.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPELCHASES.

The proceedings at Castle Bromwich yesterday opened with one of those races best left alone—a National Hunt Flat. Five only were coloured on the card, but, through an error, Yenikale had been omitted, and he joined the others at the post. He was favourite, and, moreover, proved successful, but luckily. Mr. Hastings, the rider of Black Bread, left the rails fifty yards from home, and the rider of Yenikale dashed the favourite through.

Despite the number of runners in the Molesey Selling Hurdle, very little wagering took place. In what transpired Troglodyte was favourite, but he could only finish second, Percy Woodland winning on Menelik, with his brother Herbert third on Cynosurus. After winning at Plumpton Menelik failed to elicit a bid. Yesterday Mr. Cowap gave 90 guineas for him.

Keplar and Pitch Dark made their debut over hurdles in the following race, and they finished first and third respectively. Lord Coventry's representative led throughout, Pitch Dark, the favourite, on whom odds were laid, being eight lengths away at the finish.

This led up to the Grand Annual Steeple-chase, of the value of 200 sovereigns, and eleven competitors came under the starter's orders. The favourite was Key West, and to the delight of backers he won in a canter for that fine sportsman, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, thus making amends for previous placings at Haydock Park and Windsor.

Florimel won the Three Mile Selling Steeplechase from end to end, and Zanotto, after a grand finish, beat Iddo in the final event. Results:

Horse	Jockey	Price.
Selling H't Fl (5)	Yenikale	Mr. S. J. Bell
Moseley H't (8)	Menelik	P. Woodland
Maiden H't (7)	Keppler	T. Garrett
Gt. And. H't (6)	Black Bread	P. Biggs
Three M'sc (6)	Florimel	P. Woodland
H'cap Hurdle (9)	Zanotto	T. Leader

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

There is a steeplechase meeting at Haydock Park to-day, when Hogarth, Cheriton Belle, Carrier Pigeon, Manhattan Boy, Keplar, and Fantastic may win their engagements.

Another British thoroughbred racehorse is to follow the Derby winner, Ard Patrick, and other distinguished racers, abroad—Royal Lancer having been sold to the Hungarian Government. This horse was a very creditable performer on the flat, carrying the late Sir J. Blundell Maple's popular colours to victory in, amongst other races, the Rous Memorial at Ascot, the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood (in which he had the distinction of defeating that beautiful filly Sceptre, upon whom long odds were laid), and the Derby Gold Cup.

Price.
8 to 4
8 to 1
8 to 1
7 to 4
9 to 4

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

HOME FROM SOMALILAND.

Canadian Officer Tells How He Was Mauled By a Panther.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Among the arrivals by yesterday's mail boats from the Continent was Major Leckie, a Canadian officer, invalided home from Somaliland, and who, like the French trainer whose experience was recorded in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, has suffered a severe mauling from one of the larger felids.

Major Leckie's Somali adversary was a panther, which he had wounded at his first shot. The great felines, like the little ones, are notoriously cunning, and this one feigned death, thereby enticing his assailant into loading for a second shot.

While Major Leckie was making ready the ferocious beast sprang full at him, and for several minutes the officer and the panther were rolling over and over in a deadly struggle.

In order to save his head from the brute's teeth, Major Leckie thrust his left arm down the wounded panther's throat, thereby sustaining terrible injuries. The animal's claws, however, were fast in the officer's head, laying it open and inflicting great gashes on either cheek. Though both eyelids were torn, Major Leckie's eyes, happily, remained uninjured. At last the panther's wounds told, and, relinquishing its grasp, the animal fell back dead.

Major Leckie is slowly recovering from his terrible experience, but his left arm is still bandaged, and his face is marked by the severe mauling he received.

General Egerton's Victory.

Interviewed by Reuter, he spoke freely of General Egerton's victory over the Mullah's forces, which he described as the worst beating that prophet has ever known. Major Leckie also observed that, in view of the excellent military dispositions, it was only what was to be expected.

The Mullah and his people, he continued,

LA BOXE ANGLAISE.

Paris Awaiting an Exhibition of English Fighting.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday.

Fond though French people are of emulating Englishmen's ideas of sport, the boxing match as London, New York, or Chicago knows it, has not passed into French traditions. Frenchmen have always looked on boxing with the fists as a brutal and unpleasant way of deciding quarrels, and although la savate, which is a little boxing with a great deal of kicking in it, has become fairly popular owing to the elegant exposition of its grace by Castères and other masters of the art, the actual boxing match as a social entertainment is practically a thing unknown.

Nous avons changé tout cela. I hear that William Osborne, the light-weight champion of America, and Ben Jordan, the World's light-weight champion, are shortly to meet here in Paris. The match is attracting considerable interest in sporting circles, for Frenchmen are anxious to see la boxe anglaise as it really is, and one lady bearing one of the best known names in France is, I am told, seriously thinking of turning her drawing-room into a sanded ring, and inviting her friends to see Osborne and Ben Jordan pummel one another.

A number of English sportsmen would have liked to see Jordan or Osborne matched against Castères or another champion of French fighting methods, but the unfortunate occurrence at a former match of this kind has caused this idea to be abandoned.

FRANCE'S "REAL ENEMIES."

M. Combes, the French Prime Minister, speaking at the banquet of the Republican Committee of Commerce and Industry, said France's love for peace was shown by the conclusion of two arbitration treaties and by the welcome extended to foreign Sovereigns. The real enemies of the Republic were the clerical reactionaries, but they had failed.—Reuter.

POPULARITY NO SIGN OF WEALTH.

A music-hall comedian, Samuel Redfern, was due to appear at Westminster yesterday to answer a summons for a debt. But he did not appear, but a solicitor's clerk deposited that he was earning from £5 to £10 a week.

Witness: He is a popular comedian, both in London and the provinces.

Judge Woodfall: Popularity is not evidence of means. I will not make an order.

HOW, INDEED?

"How," asked the street hawkers summoned for creating an obstruction outside the Stock Exchange by exhibiting a mechanical toy in the street—"how could it be a mechanical toy when I pay only ninepence a dozen for them?"

He was informed that he had caused an obstruction, and would have to pay for it whether the toy was a mechanical one or not.

JAN. 13, 1904.

JAN. 13, 1904.

ENTENTE CORDIALE

Between the Bar and the Finance in the Whitaker Wright Case

LEDGERS BY THE LOAD.

ARE YOU "RADIO-ACTIVE"?

The Ray Theory of Miracles Genius Test.

Science, spiritualism, and religion seem to meet on common ground in discussing the marvellous properties of radio-active bodies.

"I have read the suggestive article in the *Daily Mirror*," said a member of the Physical Research Society yesterday, "and I must confess that there seems to be something in the theory that radio-activity lies behind some so-called 'miracles'."

What is a Miracle?

"What is a miracle? Only a seeming version of the natural order of things. Science has made such progress that the word is almost out of date. In the last century discoveries in the application of science to everyday needs were always called 'miracles.' To-day nothing is called a miracle."

"Here is something that a few years ago would have been called 'miraculous.' To-day I bought it for a penny from the street hawk."

The speaker produced a tiny top and a few strips of wire. Spinning the top with his fingers, he slid a piece of bent wire against it. At once the wire began to behave in the most eccentric fashion, sliding to and fro on each side of the apparently motionless top.

"Forget what you know about magnetism," said the scientist, "and you will say that steel wire is 'bewitched.' As a matter of fact, it is the top which is bewitched, or rather, it is the wire, instead of breaking naturally law, is obeying one."

The Division of the Red Sea.

"Consider the miracle workers of old and their miracles," added the enthusiast, "example, Moses and the division of the Red Sea. When we see what enormous activity resides in a microscopical ray of radium, why should anyone doubt the possibility of a man being equal to the task of thrusting asunder the particles of water in the Red Sea?"

"Every seemingly superhuman feat can be explained by the theory that some men are more radio-active than others. Some men are possibly also more radio-sensitive or susceptible to the emanations of known unknown rays, and that may explain why some people 'see visions' and others 'have dreams.' It gives an actuality to our researches into telepathy and kindred curious subjects. The power of the body to emit rays has been found to vary, so its power to receive them may vary, too."

"We must go into this question as deeply as we can. Very strange results may come from testing the radio-activity of different men. We may find that it is a quality which men of ability may be discovered. Should not be surprised to find that men of great intellect are more intensely radio-active than others. That may explain why the greatest men are not always those who are most perfect in a physical sense."

ARTISTS' "AUDL LANG SYNE."

At the dinner given last night by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravures to M. Rodin, most of the speakers were in French, and even Mr. Penruddock began his speech in that language.

Compliments were showered upon M. Rodin, but it was plain that he did not understand a word of them. His own speech lasted a few seconds, and the remarks of Mr. Cottet were shorter still.

M. Thaulow spoke in English, and vociferously applauded when he said, "I will try to be so short as possible."

It was generally agreed that M. Rodin's appearance, is strikingly like Michelangelo's statue of Moses.

It was interesting to note the mystification of the foreign artists when the company sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." But when close upon midnight, the entire company sang "Auld Lang Syne," the foreign artist seemed no longer to misunderstand British hilarity.

The champagne was dry and good.

NOW ON THE BLACK LIST.

Mrs. Mills, better known as Mrs. Public House Mills, entered in the course of her life more public-houses than any habitation drunkard.

She was a staunch seller of the "War Cry." She would brave any bar to sell a copy, would accept a drink, too, if the offerer would buy one, but it was a lemonade she poured out. If a whisky was insisted upon, she poured it on the floor, saying she had not got any drink.

Once her papers were set on fire by some drunken sailors in a Whitechapel public house, but the landlord made them refund the value, and apologise. One was so struck by the affair that he became an Army officer, and was among those who followed Mrs. Mills drunkard yesterday.

WHY, INDEED?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.) May I ask, out of curiosity, why Whitaker Wright sits at the solicitors' office, when he is on a criminal trial?

CATESBY BA

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Theory of Miracles
Genius Test.

religion, and religion seems to man ground in discussing the properties of radio-active bodies," said a member of the Psycho-Society yesterday, "and I must here seem to be something a t radio-activity lies behind such aches."

racle? Only a seeming re-natural order of things. Science has progress that the word is date. In the last century dis-
the application of science ad-
was always called 'modern' a day nothing is called 'modern' something that a few hundred
old have been called 'modern'
I bought it for a penny frakker."

r produced a tiny top and a for-e. Spinning the top with a wire began to behave in the motion, sliding and to fro on a currently motionless top. Do you know about magnetism? As a mat-
is 'bewitched.' As a matter of fact which is bewitched, or a top which is bewitched, or a wire, instead of breaking, is obeying one.

of the Red Sea.
the miracle workers of old
" added the enthusiast of old
es and the dividing of the sea,
we see what enormous rakes
les in a microscopic fragment
why should anyone doubt that
a man being equal to the
asunder the particles of water
?"

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ON THE BLACK LIST.

is, better known as Mrs. Pollio,
entered in the course of her busi-
public-houses than any other.

a staunch seller of the "War Cry,"
brave any bar to sell a copy.
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or, saying she had no objection.

papers were set on fire by some
ailors in a Whitechapel pub-
the landlord made them refund his
apologise. One was so struck by
hat he became an Army officer.
those who followed Mrs. Muller
sterday.

Alexander of Teck, who has be-
th the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge,
Castle, has left for military duty
exander and Princess Alice have
ceived several handsome weddin-

ENTENTE CORDIALE

Between the Bar and the Financiers
in the Whitaker Wright Case.

LEDGERS BY THE LOAD.

Whatever its result may be, the trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright, which completed its second day yesterday, will always be looked back to with pleasure both by the Bar and the World of Finance.

It has made a red-letter mark in the history of both by being the occasion when each has come to appreciate thoroughly the infinite capacity for the scientific winding of the intricate in the folds of the yet more intricate possessed by the other. The Bar and the World of Finance have met as man to man, expert to expert, and have nearly understood one another.

It was this genial atmosphere of mutual admiration of one another's gifts on the part of Bar and Financial World that made a visit to King's Bench Court VIII. so enjoyable yesterday.

A Dispute About Evidence.

There was luckily a good deal more room to move about in than on the first day, and on every side one found K.C.s beaming on Registrars, and promoters hobnobbing with junior counsel. On this charming scene, for which he has been so directly responsible, Mr. Whitaker Wright radiated looks of approval through his gold spectacles. There was no prouder man in court than Mr. Whitaker Wright.

In honour of this great reunion between the recidive and the abstruse, Mr. Lawson Walton and Mr. Rufus Isaacs felt themselves subdue to give an exhibition of the very subtle treatment of the obscure directly the court opened. This exhibition naturally took the form of an objection to evidence. Mr. Isaacs, said Mr. Walton, was going to offer evidence about which he had not specified in his particulars.

After Bar and World of Finance had been conducted for quite a long time by a debate on this basis, Mr. Justice Bigham, delighted to the time when the evidence in dispute is called.

Ledgers All Day Long.

Inspired by the performance of Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Walton, a slight dark young man wearing glasses entered the witness-box, determined to show what the World of Finance could do on the floor of the box a large heap of beautiful blue ledgers, which he explained were files from the office of the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Somerset House. Then from each successive blue ledger the young man in glasses read strings and strings of dates, and processions and processions of figures, all connected in a most mystic way with the various and manifold companies promoted by Mr. Whitaker Wright. When one ledger was finished with the young man flung it on the floor and snatched eagerly for another.

It is difficult to say whether the young man received greater help in his task of satiating the jury from Mr. Avory, who examined him, or from Mr. Walton, who did the cross-examination. To the latter, however, belongs the credit of remembering that there were still three blue ledgers to be examined when the young man was about to retire.

The Extra Sixty Minutes.

Of course, such a high standard could not be kept up all day. Some of the evidence towards the end showed deterioration, and instead of "clauses" and "part-paid shares" and "transferees" witnesses mentioned such commonplace things as "steamboats" and "hotels." At eight, however, the general average was very high.

At certain points the Court even descended to laughter, when, for instance, Mr. Wright's "Easter egg dividends" were mentioned, and when it was decided that the vicar of West Bridgford was a "gentleman" and a "mining expert" and a "gentleman."

Only once did an incident, to which the adjourned, happen. This was when Mr. Justice Bigham told the jury that, as the Court was supposed to be sitting at the Old Bailey and not at the High Court, he intended to employ Old Bailey hours, and sit every day until five o'clock instead of four.

WHY, INDEED?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)
May I ask, out of curiosity, why Mr. Whitaker Wright sits at the solicitors' table when he is on a criminal trial?

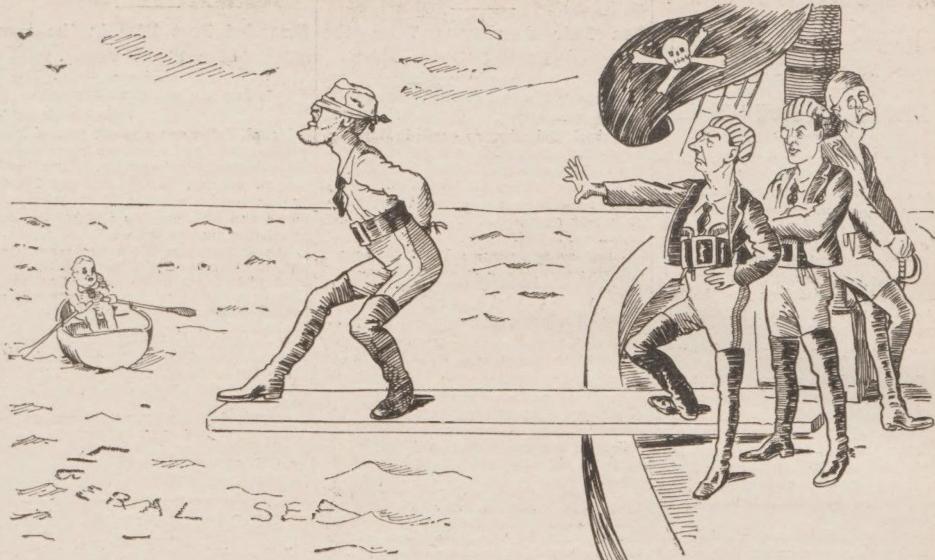
56, Uxbridge-road, W.

THE DEBTORS' CHORUS.

Nearly every debtor present in Westminster County Court yesterday under judgment summons joined in the chorus of "penniless summenses." Their respective responses to the usual question as to how they lived were not without interest, as told by their answers:

"On my brother."
"On my mother."
"On my sister."

WALKING THE PLANK.



[We have received requests from many of our readers for copies of our cartoons suitable for framing. Anyone who would like to have a copy of this cartoon printed upon special paper can have it by writing to us and enclosing this announcement, with a stamp to defray postage.]

VICAR AND MAIDSERVANT.

Strange Case of Fascination Before a Consistory Court.

At Lincoln's Inn Old Hall, before a Consistory Court presided over by the Chancellor of the Diocese of Rochester, the Rev. H. M. Marsh Edwards was yesterday asked to explain his relations with the daughter of a

counsel who had previously attended a a

girl Meeson.

The girl Meeson appeared to have left his service in January, 1901, and instead of ceasing to have any knowledge of her whereabouts he sent her to a school at Oakengates, where she was until April, 1901.

While she was at school, counsel said he would prove, the girl

had previously been on the floor of the box a large heap

of beautiful blue ledgers, which he explained

were files from the office of the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Somerset House.

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To the latter, however, belongs the credit of remembering that there were still

three blue ledgers to be examined when the young man was about to retire.

Mr. Marsh Edwards then appeared to have

taken children's school in Birmingham at Varner-road, and to have placed the girl Meeson and an under-mistress from the school she

had previously attended in charge of it. He

furnished the school, and took the whole re-

sponsibility of it. The school opened some

time in June, and from December, 1901, to

January, 1903, defendant visited it nearly

every day, and, it was alleged, was often alone

with the girl Meeson.

Some time after the girl had gone to Varner-road, defendant adopted a course which was somewhat extraordinary. He gave up his

living at Wellington, and went to live in Bir-

mingham, where he secured the appointment of honorary sub-warden at Queen's College.

Subsequently defendant was appointed

vicar of West Bridgford, which closely ad-

joined Nottingham. It would be found

throughout the history of the case that he was

always moving the girl about to be near him.

Rooms were obtained for her in the house of a

Mrs. Tatham, at Nottingham. On January

10, in consequence of remonstrances on the

part of Mrs. Tatham, the girl was removed to

another house, and on January 13 a child was

born. Shortly afterwards a number of the

leading parishioners of West Bridgford

called upon the defendant, and elicited from

him a denial that he was the father of the

child. He himself baptised the child, and

registered its name as Herbert. At subse-

quent interviews he said he believed the father

was a solicitor's clerk, of Leamington.

Very Indiscreet.

He then practically set the parishioners at

defiance, and said if they were not satisfied

with his explanation they must "play off their

own bats." About the middle of March Mr.

Edwards furnished a house in Birmingham, to

which Miss Meeson, her child, sister, and

father were moved. In the meantime, ex-

plained counsel, the alleged relationship be-

tween Mr. Edwards and Miss Meeson was

brought to the notice of the Bishop of the

diocese, and on April 7 the clergyman sent in

his resignation. In a letter to the Bishop he

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denied that he was guilty of the charges made

against him, but admitted having been very

indiscreet.

He then practically set the parishioners at

defiance, and said if they were not satisfied

with his explanation they must "play off their

DOWAGER-EMPEROR'S GUEST.

First Englishwoman to Stay in the Palace at Pekin.

HOW OFFICIALS "KOWTOW" TO HER.

There have been many rumours about the reconciliation of the Dowager-Emperor of China to the ways of the "foreign devil" and to Western civilisation generally, and many doubts have been cast upon the sincerity of her motives there averted, but the present position at the Summer Palace looks as if a step had at last been taken in this direction.

An English lady, Miss Kate Carl, has for some months past been staying with the Emperor as her guest, and is now occupying a very high post of honour in the Imperial circle.

Miss Carl—who is an artist of great talent and an Associate of the Champ de Mars—left Paris, where she had resided some eight years, for China last spring. Going up to Pekin to stay with the American Minister, she was presented to the Dowager-Emperor, who thereupon took a violent fancy to her, and insisted on her taking up her abode in a suite of rooms in the Palace.

Here the first Englishwoman who has ever stayed within the sacred precincts is waited upon hand and foot; the highest Court functionaries are obliged to "kowtow" to her, and she takes precedence even of the late Chinese Ambassador in France and his family, by whom she had often been entertained in Paris. Many delicacies hitherto unknown to the Mongolian palate have been specially imported for her use, while the Empress makes a point of reserving for her from the Imperial table any specially tempting samples of native cooking.

Miss Carl is painting three large portraits of her august hostess, one of which will shortly be ready for dispatch to St. Louis, where it will be shown at the great Exhibition.

PRINCESS'S WEDDING POSTPONED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Vienna, Tuesday.

The wedding of Princess Marie of Reuss and Baron Guagnoni, a young lieutenant in the Austrian Army, was to have taken place on Thursday, but it has been postponed on account of religious scruples.

The Baron and his parents are strong Roman Catholics, while the Princess is a Protestant. The parents objected to the marriage being solemnised by Protestant rites. This opposition did not weigh with the Princess, who readily consented to be married according to Roman Catholic rites. But the necessary permission was not accorded. Whereupon the Baron announced his intention of being married according to Catholic rites. But in so deciding he reckoned without his parents, who once more offered strenuous opposition to this form of marriage ceremony.

It is now announced that the marriage has been postponed indefinitely. In fact, it is even declared that it may never take place.

A LEAP-YEAR BOOM.

Ten Fair Americans Take the Fateful Step.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

New York.

Michael Colombo, so-called Mayor of North-street Section, New York, was yesterday married to Miss Fernando, the daughter of a banker. Afterwards they held a reception, at which there was regular whirlwind of leap-year proposals. Even the American record was beaten.

Ten blushing damsels proposed to as many eligible bachelors and were accepted. Not to be behindhand twenty anxious young men took courage and asked the question of their sweethearts, who were all willing.

When one father announced that his daughter's wedding was fixed for February 7 the thirty engagements seemed about to end in a stampede to matrimony.

MISSING IN SOMALILAND.

Captain the Hon. Thomas Lister, whose name is the only one among the officers reported as missing after the battle in Somaliland, is the eldest son of Lord Ribblesdale, and a very distinguished young man. His regiment is the 10th Hussars, and he served in South Africa, when he was twice mentioned in dispatches and awarded the D.S.O. Like all his family, he is extremely good-looking and very popular. His father is a well-known Liberal peer, who is called "Tommy" by his intimates, and whom the King once named "The Ancestor," on account of the old-world type of his face. He invariably, when in the country, wears an old-fashioned high stock, which heightens this look, and there was never a more popular Master of the Buckhounds than he. Like Lady Ribblesdale, who is a sister of Mrs. Asquith, he is a "Soul," and the greatest sympathy is felt with the family in their grief.

CAPTAIN THE HON. THOMAS LISTER.
Who is reported "missing."

CURIOSITIES OF SUICIDE.

Stranded Poet Dies in the Arms of a Stone Venus.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

Martel Hulle was a young poet of Montparnasse who had found the pursuit of the Muses extremely unprofitable. Sunk into the deepest poverty, he accepted the friendly hospitality of a sculptor, M. Charles Jolly, who found him, desolate and hungry, contemplating the stars from a doorstep.

The sculptor's agitation was great when, coming home last night, he found his studio turned into a sort of chapel. The walls were draped in black; candles symmetrically arranged gave out a lugubrious light; and in the arms of a stone Venus was the body of his poet protégé. He had hung himself by a rope tied round the goddess's neck.

Another curiosity of suicide—in this case an unsuccessful attempt—is reported by our Vienna correspondent.

A student of the Prague Conservatoire of Music sat down to a piano, and with his left hand played Chopin's Funeral March, while he fired at his heart with his right. He is now in the hospital with a bullet in his lungs.

CHILD WHO MAY BE QUEEN.

Princess Maria del Pilar, the little thirteen-year-old Princess whom rumour has assigned as a fiancée to the young King of Spain, is the third child of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria. Her mother is Princess Maria de la Paz, an Infanta of Spain, so there are already close ties of kinship between the two.

The pretty little girl Princess is, however,

PRINCESS MARIA DEL PILAR.
The rumoured fiancée of the King of Spain.

still in the schoolroom, and, as several years must elapse before she blossoms out into a full-blown young lady, it seems more than doubtful whether a visit to Madrid will result in anything like a formal betrothal.

King Alfonso will not be eighteen years old till next May, but since he entered his teens many prospective brides have been found for him, though he has not yet succeeded in beating the record in rumoured engagements made by the Crown Prince of Prussia, who is only three years his senior.

HAMPERED MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Frustrated Art Ambitions.

HOW AMERICAN COLLECTORS ARE 'DONE.'

Some time ago the authorities of South Kensington Museum, being short of space on account of building operations, were forced to request the removal of certain loan collections among them being that of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Glasgow immediately wrote to Mr. Morgan suggesting that he should favour their enterprise.

A *Daily Mirror* representative, passing by the museum yesterday afternoon, looked in to ascertain what had finally become of this particular one of Mr. Morgan's numerous art collections, which consisted of some excellent examples of Limoges ware, bronzes, medallions, and Flemish tapestry. There it was still, fairly intact. On inquiry, it was found that the museum authorities have released and, although part of the collection has been removed, the greater portion remains at South Kensington.

Glasgow, however, has not been left out in the cold, for Mr. Morgan has found another collection to lend the city.

A prominent art expert gave some interesting details concerning the American millionaire's career as an art collector. At one time Mr. Morgan had an idea of founding an American National Museum of Art, comprehensive and valuable enough to rank with similar national institutions.

TOO 'CUTE TO SUCCEED.'

This was some years ago, before the New York Customs became so exorbitant. Mr. Morgan acquired more practical knowledge than that possessed by most Americans, commenced to buy upon a comprehensive scale. Now he has enough genuine treasures to constitute the basis of a very good museum. In consequence of the enormous cost of taking his purchases into the United States, he keeps them here and lends them to English exhibitions.

The expert who gave these facts added that he was recently asked to visit the United States to value and advise upon certain collections.

"I refused immediately," he said, "because I feared to offend the owners by my opinion of their treasures. In my opinion outside the collections of Mr. Morgan and a few others, there is very little genuine art to be found in the United States. Americans are attempting to pick up things themselves. The consequence is that the Gainsboroughs, the Rudeboses, Corots, Velasques they acquire in nine cases out of ten, only worthless copies."

DROWNED BY A TIDAL WAVE.

Mr. R. C. Quin, the city electrical engineer, Bradford, is dead. He was at Tammer County Donegal, on Monday with several engineering friends engaged in surveying a quarry, and while he was standing on the platform a tidal wave swept in from the Atlantic and washed him into the sea. An attempt was made to rescue him, but without success. The body was recovered.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

simply did Mr. Leiter, Lady Curzon's father, begin life—should take precedence of every one of them. But Lady Curzon speedily overcame all prejudices by her sweet gracefulness of manner coupled with her beauty. She is accomplished to a degree, speaking French, German, Spanish, and Italian perfectly, besides being extremely witty. Once in Washington, after hearing a malicious story, she asked the source and was told it emanated from three daughters of a certain retired general who were much given to gossip. "Ah! battle, murder, and sudden death," sighed Miss Mary Leiter, as she was then, and so the three ladies have been known ever since.

Sir Edward Clarke, the greatest and most successful lawyer of the day, who speaks on the licensing question at the Constitutional Club to-day, is entirely a self-made man, who owes to his own perseverance and initiative the important position he now holds. His father was a jeweller in Watlings-street, and at the age of eighteen Sir Edward entered the India Office; while he was there he found time to study law, and became a law student. Since then he has risen rapidly, and is wont to say that his best speech, and the one by which he made his name, was before Mr. Justice Kekewich, who sat alone on the Bench, there being no jury.

Sir Edward Clarke is one of the very few men who still wear mutton-chop whiskers, and in appearance he is very small and always extremely natty. When away from London he likes to forget all about his work, and his favourite pastime is lawn tennis, at which he is an adept. He cares very little for society, and was a most regular attendant at the House of Commons when in Parliament. When there, it was a common sight to see him glance up at the reporters' gallery, doubtless thinking of the time when he worked up there, and dreaming of when he would be "reported," not "reporting."

Although she had already written and published a good many stories and articles, it was not until her play, "The Finding of

Nancy," had won the competition of the Playgoers' Club that Miss Netta Syrett became known to the general public. Never before, she has been writing for something like twelve years, and was a regular contributor to the "Yellow Book," the "Pall Mall," and the "Speaker." Her play was not a success especially for the competition, but she was especially liked by the audience. When she saw the announcement Miss Syrett thought she might be successful. Three of her plays were performed this afternoon and evening at the Albert Hall Theatre in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

It is some time now since Miss Hobhouse came before us, and even in her thrilling adventure in South Africa, we read yesterday, she maintained her high attitude against the black men and refused their assistance to help her out of difficulties, and into which she had fallen, and was rescued by a white man who came to her aid. Miss Hobhouse, who is a niece of Lord Hobhouse, is a pleasant-looking woman between forty and forty, with white hair and a charming smile. She did a wonderful work and though the good she did in South Africa cannot be measured, she is somewhat marred by her intemperate love on her return to England.

Mr. Horatio Fraser is one of the mildest aires who is probably as well known in Europe as in America, as his tables are all over the world. A few years ago he went to Europe, and before leaving Paris he went to Claridge's Hotel for rooms for his son. He was received in obsequious fashion and was much gratified at being shown a suite of fine rooms on the first floor. When he was in London he received every attention, everyone waiting on him hand and foot. It was only on leaving Claridge's that he found that he had been mistaken for a known military man of the same name, who was just then high in public favour.

RED MILLIONAIRE.

it Morgan's Frustrated
Art Ambitions.

AN COLLECTORS ARE 'DONE.'

ago the authorities of South museum, being short of space on building operations, were forced to novel of certain loan collections, being that of Mr. Pierrot, who at once immediately wrote to Mr. Morgan, saying immediately wrote to Mr. Pierrot, stating that he should favour that city.

Mr. Morgan's representative, passing by yesterday afternoon, looked in to see what had finally become of this part of Mr. Morgan's numerous art collection. It consisted of some excellent Limoges ware, bronzes, medieval tapestry. There it was, unbroken. On inquiry, it was found that museum authorities have released a part of the collection has been sold, a greater portion remains at South Kensington.

However, has not been left out in Mr. Morgan's collection, and he has found another to lend the city. An art expert gave some interest concerning the American master, as an art collector. At one time, he had an idea of founding an International Museum of Art, considered valuable enough to rank with great institutions.

to Succeed! Some years ago, before the war, it became so exorbitant that it required more practical knowledge to be possessed by most Americans, than to buy upon a comprehensive basis. He has enough genuine treasures to be the basis of a very good collection, in consequence of the enormous amount of his purchases into English art, which he here and lends them to the British Museum.

Who gave these facts added that they only asked to visit the United States and advise upon certain details immediately," he said, "but he offend the owners by a large sum of their treasures. In my opinion, there is very little genuine American art in the United States. And even if there is, it is sick up things themselves or dealers and agents. The Royal Velasquez they acquire, and sell them out of ten, only worth

WED BY A TIDAL WAVE. Quin, the city electrical engineer, is dead. He was at Tamale, on Monday with several friends engaged in surveying a long time now since any new work has been started from his pen.

The announcement that Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the veteran librettist, has written another play will be remembered probably that after the production of "Brantingham Hall," at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Gilbert announced in all seriousness that he had definitely abandoned the idea of writing another play.

The Decent Play. Mr. Gilbert once said: "I believe the test of a good play is this question: Whether or not the details of the story presented can be told at a dinner party at which a number of ladies and gentlemen are present."

He always kept this test in view in writing my plays, and have never found myself inconveniently hampered thereby."

Very few authors are as interesting as their works. But Mr. Gilbert is as amusing as his "Ballads," as sarcastic as "H.M.S. Pinafore," and, above all, he is a rapid, brilliant talker. No other living man has done more to make the theatre the place of beauty and delight it is to-day than he.

Stocks and Crops.

Mr. Gilbert's home stands in a hundred acres right on top of the glorious Weald of Kent. He farms the land himself, and can talk of crops and stock with as glib a tongue as a professional agriculturist. There is an ideal garden, too, where white pigeons drink out of shallow Italian bowls upon the lawn.

Everything is well planned and beautifully kept, and the rose-walks, monkey house, the lake and its fish, and an Egyptian tent are never-failing sources of wonder to the visitor.

At the time now since Miss Hobbs came before us, and even in her adventure in South Africa, of which yesterday, she maintained her stand against the black men and women, which she had fallen, and who was a niece of Lord Hobson, who is a white man to come between her and a saint-looking woman between whom, with white hair and a charming smile, he did a wonderful work among women in the concentration camp. She good she did in South Africa, and marred by her intemperate lecture turned to England.

Oratio Fraser is one of the millionaires in America, as his tablets show. A few years ago he came to London, and before leaving Paris he was received in obsequious fashion in fine rooms on the first floor. In London he received every attention, waiting on him hand and foot, only on leaving Claridge's hotel, at which he had been mistaken for a military man of the same name, then high in public favour.



Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the famous librettist of Savoy operas, in his library.

MR. W. S. GILBERT AT WORK AGAIN.

THE LIBRETTIST WHO WROTE A PLAY TO PLEASE HIMSELF.

the four years he practised was most unfortunate in his clients.

On making his maiden speech in the prosecution of an old Irishwoman for stealing a coat, the prisoner would not allow him to proceed. "Ah, ye old devil," she shouted, "sit down—don't be listenin' to him, yer honour. He's as drunk as a lord, yer honour. Sit down, yer dirty blackguard—and him that is known in all the slums of Liverpool, an' all an' all, too."

Too Humorous.

In face of this abuse the young barrister could do nothing, and, amidst the laughter of the court, he had at last to throw himself on the protection of the Recorder.

Once, when Mr. Gilbert won the case for his client, an excitable little Frenchman, the man was so delighted that in open court he flung both his arms round the barrister's neck and kissed him repeatedly on both cheeks.

Mr. Gilbert has been a magistrate, a militiaman, a farmer, a contributor to "Punch," and an artist.

At the time of his election to the magistracy the comic papers indulged in many jokes at the famous librettist's expense, and the humorists of the day confidently expected that Mr. Gilbert would enact similar episodes on the Bench to those seen in his comic operas, but he disappointed them all.

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The Decent Play.

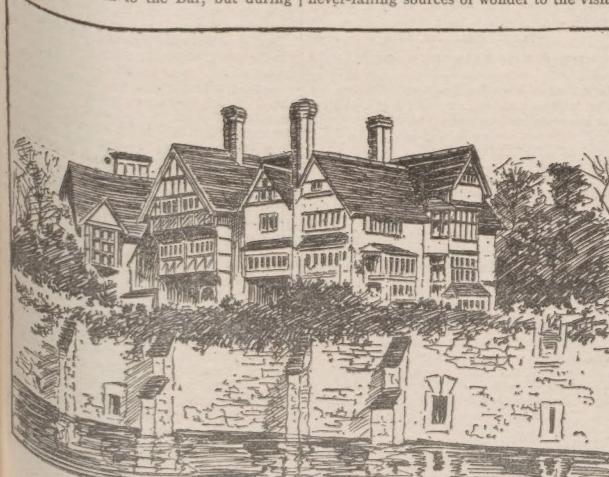
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Stocks and Crops.

Mr. Gilbert was born in a street off the father was the last man in London to wear his hair in a queue. At the age of twenty-seven he was called to the Bar, but during



Mr. Gilbert's House, Grim's Dyke.

Although the Gilberts give the jolliest of weekend parties, and the brightest star is generally the host himself, Mr. Gilbert is seen at his best at rehearsals. He marches up and down the stage, advising an alteration here, an intonation there, and with so much strength of conviction that all his suggestions are adopted without a moment's hesitation.

He never loses his temper, sees the weak points at once, and his tact on all occasions is wonderful.

During the rehearsals of his last play, "Brantingham Hall," at the St. James's

that at one time and another Mr. Gilbert has charmed a vast audience of 100,000 persons—truly an immeasurable achievement.

It is interesting to recall that "The Mikado" was suggested by the circumstance that there once hung in Mr. Gilbert's library a huge Japanese executioner's sword, the very one, in fact, which Mr. Grossmith afterwards carried in his personation of "Ko-Ko." A picture of Gilbert the idea for "The Yeoman of the Guard."

Mr. Gilbert considers his best plays to be "Broken Hearts" and "Gretchen." The latter only ran for a fortnight. "But," says Mr. Gilbert, "I wrote it to please myself, and not to please the public."

TO PLEAT OR NOT TO PLEAT.

Latest of the Freaks of Military Fashion.

"To pleat or not to pleat, that is the question."

The War Office has decreed that as far as the British Army is concerned all pleated sashes are to be consigned to limbo, and others of a new pattern, guiltless of such frivolous amplitude, are to be substituted.

The pleated sash then, to speak in the dialect of the fashion-journalist, "has come to stay." But has it? There's the rub.

The new pattern replaces one which itself was "le dernier cri" a very short time ago, and had perforce been purchased by officers in every branch of the Service. These gentlemen, one cannot but surmise, will feel conscious as they are of the absolute desirability of the innovation, some sad reluctance at having to sacrifice some three pounds apiece on the altar of their sartorial ambitions.

Only the pen of the "Tailor and Cutter" might rehearse this little tragedy aright,

so intricate are the details and so technical the phraseology in which are recorded the principal changes which the Motherland has seen fit to make in the uniform and equipment of her fighting sons.

Let us follow the fate of the roll collar. In 1880 the badges of rank were removed from collar to sleeve, and the badgeless collar proved so displeasing to the powers that were, that it was altogether abolished, and a standing up collar introduced.

In 1898 the roll collar was reinstated in favour, the gold lace being removed therefrom, and three years later the lace was replaced to harmonise with the decoration of the coat-tails.

The cut of tunics and coats went through even more vicissitudes. Gold lace appeared and vanished, red serges (Indian pattern) gave

place to red serges (English pattern), and blue serges (Norfolk jacket shape) were ousted by



THE CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF MR. W. S. GILBERT, THE MAGISTRATE.

At the time of the well-known librettist's elevation to the magistracy many jokes were made at his expense, the humorists of the day apparently expecting him to carry his comic opera methods into court.

Theatre, Mr. Gilbert's proverbial patience was somewhat tried by one of the lady actresses' inability to speak one particular line as he thought it should be rendered. The actress had to exclaim, after making a hurried entrance on the stage: "Stay! let me speak!" Time after time she persisted in saying, "Stay, stay—let me speak!" Time after time she was reminded of her wrong delivery.

At last Mr. Gilbert's patience became exhausted, and he remarked, "No, miss—you are wrong again; it isn't 'stay, stay,' it's 'stay!—one stay, not a pair of stays!'"

Mr. Gilbert's plays have always been huge successes in America. Over one hundred thousand representations of his plays have been given in the United States, which means

blue serges of novel design with the Sam Browne sword-belt.

In 1881 the "cheesecutter" cap, beloved of nursesmaids, vanished into the Ewigkeit, to make room for peaked caps. These were followed by field service caps in 1886, and forage caps (naval pattern) in 1901.

More than one regiment might aptly have adopted a chameleon as its crest, so swiftly have the changes followed one upon another, and more than a few voices have been raised in respectful protest against the great expense incurred by these quick-change tactics.

The latest order enjoining the sash will form another peg on which to hang a fresh edition of this long-standing and not altogether unreasonable grievance.

SHAM FIGHT WITH BULLETS.

Remarkable Allegations of Military Neglect.

The realistic sham fight at Camberley last month, when a private named Thomson was shot through the chest with a ball cartridge, was the subject of strong comment at a meeting of the Camberley District Council last night.

A resolution was passed expressing indignation and calling the attention of the War Office to the fact that no local civilian witnesses of the occurrence were called to give evidence at the private inquiry which had been held at Aldershot. The council requested from the War Office an assurance that such a thing should not occur again, and decided to call the attention of the M.P. to the division to the question, with a view to its being raised in Parliament.

It was stated that several ball cartridges were fired, and that in addition to Private Thomson, several civilians had very narrow escapes of being shot. One member remarked that it was a wonder that nine other people were not killed. Other speakers pointed out that St. Mary's Mission Church was hit by no fewer than four separate bullets, while six cartridge cases, two being still loaded in each containing a bullet were picked up in the public streets after the sham fight was over.

Mr. Kennett said after Private Thomson was wounded it took over three hours for a military ambulance to be brought to him, and even then it was without blankets or pillows. The latter was lent by a neighbouring pub-

lican, who received them back from the mili-

tary authorities blood-stained and unwashed.

DOUBLE-ACTION CASTIGATION.

How the Young Idea is Taught Arithmetic in Germany.

The German Army is judging from recent cases, a good school for learning new methods of brutality. It was probably here that a schoolmaster named Dettius, whose trial began at Elberfeld yesterday, acquired the perverted ingenuity which has got him into trouble.

Dettius is an officer in the Reserves, and he brought barrack-room methods into his school. He is now charged with causing the death of a thirteen-year-old boy named Busche, who, though strong and healthy, was backward in his arithmetic.

This is the method, as Reuter eloquently described it, the German military Dr. Busby employed to quicken the young idea.

Viscount Hayashi expresses himself convinced that this statement is not correct. He thinks there must have been some mistranslation arising out of the difficulty of conveying exact ideas in Chinese characters.

This is very possible, as Chinese is a most bewildering language for the expression of precise ideas, and the only way of telegraphing it is by figures. Thus, 126 might represent the ideograph for "constitutional Government," and 153 that for "declaration of war." The chance of mistake in such circumstances is large.

JAPAN'S REJOINDER TO RUSSIA.

Said to Allow a Final Chance of Reviewing the Situation.

FATEFUL MEETING OF JAPANESE MINISTERS.

English Merchant Says the Siberian Railway May Be Blown Up.

The most important news from Japan is that the Government's final reply to Russia has been drafted, after a protracted conference of Ministers in the presence of the Emperor. It is believed not to take the form of an ultimatum, but to leave Russia a last opportunity of coming to terms. It is, however, intimated that Japan cannot wait beyond a certain time for Russia's rejoinder.

There is naturally a feeling of intense anxiety in the Japanese capital, and the outlook, considered rather more favourable in Europe, is regarded as of the gloomiest character. One of the most sober of the Tokio journals goes so far as to discuss in a leading article the form that a declaration of war should take, suggesting that the world should be acquainted, in the event of hostilities, with the true grounds of the quarrel and the nature of Russia's proposals.

A curious statement, which seems to have foundation, is made to the effect that the two new Japanese cruisers which left Genoa on Saturday morning, ostensibly bound for Suez, have altered their course, and will now make their way to Japan through the Straits of Gibraltar and round Cape Horn. This voyage would take six weeks longer than the Suez Canal route, and in the most favourable circumstances the ships could not reach Japanese waters before the end of March.

The "Sviet" says that the opening of Mukden, An-tung, and Ta-tung-kau to foreign trade, in accordance with the terms of the Japanese and American commercial treaties with China, without Russia's consent, amounts to an open provocation of that power.—Reuter.

A JAPANESE RUSE?

Rome, Tuesday.

A report has been received here that the new Japanese cruisers Nisshin and Kasuga, which left Genoa last Saturday morning ostensibly for Suez, have been seen steaming in the direction of Gibraltar.—Reuter.

Pars, Tuesday.

The "New York Herald" publishes the following from St. Petersburg: "Public opinion in Russia is becoming more and more irritated with Japan, whom it accuses of conducting diplomatic negotiations with the sole object of gaining time so as to enable the warships she has just bought to reach her ports."—Reuter.

KOREAN KING'S APPEAL.

Rome, Tuesday.

The Emperor of Korea has sent a letter to the King of Italy asking for his good offices on behalf of Korea, owing to the state of affairs brought about by the rivalry between Russian and Japanese influences.

It is supposed that similar letters have been addressed to the heads of other leading Powers.—Reuter.

TO BLOW UP THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

An interesting statement as to the military importance of the Trans-Siberian Railway was made yesterday in the course of an address by Mr. Fulford Bush, of Newchwang, before the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Bush said he had travelled on the railway, and was convinced that its strategical importance had been vastly overrated. The railway would be blocked in the event of any urgent calls being made upon it.

The statement made by a Japanese military officer to the effect that in the event of a declaration of war the railway would be blown up in a dozen different places was quite authentic.

From the Japanese military authorities there and from information received from native sources in Newchwang, he believed there were at least 200 Japanese military engineers distributed at various points along the railway disguised as Chinese coolies, hair-dressers, etc.

They might take it for granted that the railway would be broken in at least a dozen places within a fortnight of a declaration of war.

DISGUISED JAPANESE SHIP.

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer Sado, which arrived in the Royal Albert Dock yesterday, had been considerably disguised on the voyage from Yokohama in order not to be detected by Russian warships in the Mediterranean. Shortly after leaving Port Said her funnel was painted red with a black top, whilst several parts of the hull were whitened. The name of the vessel was also altered.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is stated that no meeting of the Cabinet will take place until the 23rd inst.

The statement that Russia is endeavouring to raise loans in Paris is officially denied.

During the past few years Messrs. Whitehead's Fiume works have supplied the Japanese Government with 1,200 torpedoes.

The whole Russian Press insists that it is absolutely impossible for Russia to make any concessions regarding Manchuria to China or Japan.

The Paris "Echo" says General Louis Napoleon, of the Russian Army, has stated that war with Japan is possible, and even, he fears, probable.

Speaking at Manchester last night, Mr. Balfour said the Far Eastern question was raging with a fury which he trusted, for the credit of British statesmanship, we would not see revived again in our time.

GALLANT BURGLARS.

Touching Politeness Shown to a Honeymoon Couple.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

French politeness is continually assuming new and bizarre aspects. The latest example is the gallantry of two burglars towards a newly-married couple.

Last night a honeymoon husband and wife, M. and Mme. Leroy, returned to their house at Vincennes. To their surprise they found in the passage a large number of parcels.

"No doubt it is mamma who has sent some things in our absence," said the bride. "We'll see what's in them to-morrow. It's too late now."

The couple went upstairs, but hardly had the wife cast a glimpse into the bedroom when she sprang back with the whispered exclamation "Burglars." Peeping round the door, the husband saw two men asleep, their rough heads comfortably disposed on the dainty pillows trimmed with lace.

Unable to control herself, the young bride screamed for help, her cry waking the sleeping ruffians. They sprang to their feet and approached the couple threateningly. Tremblingly the young woman said, "Please go away, messieurs; take what you want; we won't say anything. But don't hurt us. We are only just married."

The burglars were touched by the distress of the poor girl.

"Don't be alarmed, little mother," said one, with a gallant bow, "we are going, and since you are so polite we won't even take the parcels we had packed up. We have slept two nights in your 'do' (slang for bed). We didn't think you were coming back so soon. We thought you had gone for some weeks."

Then, just as they were leaving, one turned and said, "Ah, you were lucky to be honeymooners." "And," added the other man, addressing the bride, "above all, you are fortunate to be the same age as my daughter, and pretty like her."

Then the delightful pair disappeared into the night. The police have made inquiries, but the grateful young couple refuse to prosecute the polite burglars even if they are found.

"TRUST SYSTEM" PUBLIC HOUSES.

The First London House Will be Opened in Southwark To-morrow.

A public-house in the Bankside, Southwark, a gloomy slum district, has been rebuilt by the People's Refreshment House Association, of which the Bishop of Chester is president. The fine three-storeyed building will be opened to-morrow with a full seven-day licence, as the first adventure under the trust system which the Association inaugurates.

The saloon and public bar on the ground floor are neatly decorated, and a good dining hall for working men may be found on the back. On the first floor the needs of the thousands of folk employed all round are catered for by a first-class dining saloon. Comfort rules, but the hard coffee-palace seats may be considered by some a mistake.

There will be no waiting for the kettle to boil. Hot drinks will be always "on tap," as well as the beer. In the dining hall a cut from the joint, vegetables, and bread will be supplied for fivepence.

Profit is not the one hope of the Trust. Their ambition is to combat the drink habit by their hot taps, sound meals, and general comfort. They have been successful in the provinces, and they are anxious to try London.

THE NEW LICENSING BILL.

A report states that no scheme of compensation will be included in the new Licensing Bill. Funds for compensation to be provided by the trade. Extra whisky duty will be retained by Government. No new licences will be granted unless two old ones are surrendered, but the area will be extended. Anti-1869 beerhouse licences are to be at the discretion of the magistrates.

AN OBLIGING AGNOSTIC.

It was not the unconscious humour of an alien witness that amused Whitechapel County Court most yesterday, but that of a young man who refused to be sworn.

Judge Bacon: Have you a conscientious objection to taking the oath?

Witness: Yes, I'm an Agnostic.

Judge Bacon: What is an Agnostic?

Witness: An Agnostic is a man as doubts the truthfulness of the Bible.

Judge Bacon: Indeed! It may be a very fine word for it, but that is not an Agnostic.

Witness: Well, then, I might call myself a Atheist. Perhaps that would be a better word for it.

LORD BRASSEY'S FIRST OFFENCE.

Lord Brassey was summoned at Battle yesterday for riding his bicycle without a light on December 30 on his way from Battle to his home at Normanhurst.

His lordship's son-in-law (Mr. Chas. Egerton), who was chairman of the Bench, remarked: "Lord Brassey has not been convicted before? Nothing known, I presume?"

Superintendent: No, sir.

Mr. Egerton: Fired a shilling and costs.

The Clerk: In default of distress, any time allowed, sir?

"A. W." ON HER PALM.

As a sequel to the case in which Miss Augusta Hieland was charged with threatening to shoot the Rev. A. W. Williams, a member of Pantey, Mme. Louisa Marriott, a palmist, was yesterday sent for trial for forgery.

Miss Hieland, the attractive Swiss governess, said she had many times consulted the palmist to the rector, and gave as much as £3. She denied writing the threatening letters, and recognised that they were in the handwriting of the defendant.

The palmist vehemently declared her innocence.

Chelsea Borough Council has received an offer from Mr. P. Fitzgerald, F.S.A., offering to place in the Council Chamber a bust of Thomas Carlyle, executed in copper gilt.

Novel and Popular Bridge Competition.

CLOSING ON MONDAY NEXT.

Conducted by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

EXPERTS SAY THE QUESTIONS ARE TOO EASY.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers complete, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

THE CONTROVERSY STILL RAGES.

"Surely AB have been passing kind to YZ in your solution of Coupon 13?" writes "Uarria Boh!" B's return of ♦ 8 at trick 6 seems to me the only way to enable YZ to win ten tricks, or I am quite astonishingly wooden-headed! If B leads ♣ 3, how can YZ make ten tricks?—unless, of course, they persuade AB with a hatchet! . . . Do let me know through the *Daily Mirror* whether I am stupid, or AB philanthropic."

We will do our best to oblige. If B leads

3 at trick 6, Z can win with the Queen, and the position is then as follows:—

♦ J.	♥ None.
♣ J, 6, 5.	♦ None.
♦ J, 5, 3.	♦ K, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5.
♦ None.	♦ A.
	♦ A, 7, 5.
	♦ Q, 7.
	♦ 8.
	♦ A.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. I.

IN THIS COUPON

clubs are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:
NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.

Name.....

Address.....

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

On January 23rd

The . . .

COUNTY GENTLEMAN

WILL ISSUE

A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLEMENT

CONTAINING

The Photographs of all those competitors who are eligible for competition for "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN'S" PHOTOGRAPH PRIZES.

THE BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE COUNTRY . . .

Are competing, and no one who is interested in photography should miss this opportunity of securing a unique record of their works.

Ask your Newsagent TO-DAY to reserve you a copy of

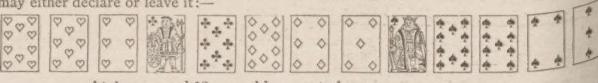
The COUNTY GENTLEMAN

OF JANUARY 23rd

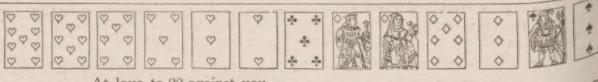
It will save you a lot of trouble if you cut out this coupon and hand it to your newsagent.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. 2.

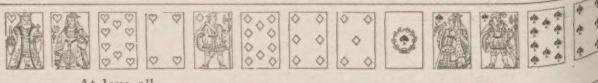
What would you do as Dealer, holding the three following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—



At 1 game and 12, scored by you, to love.....



At love to 22 against you.....

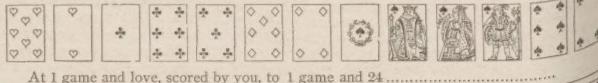


At love all.....

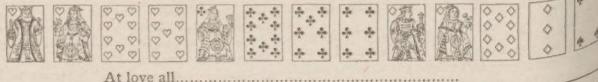
And what would you declare as Dummy, if it were left to you, holding the following hands at the specified scores?



At love all.....



At 1 game and love, scored by you, to 1 game and 24.....



At love all.....

Hearts are Trumps, and South has the lead. YZ require 6 more tricks. The play is so amazingly simple that the puzzle to us is: How could YZ possibly fail? All Z has to do is to lead ♦ A, 7, 5, and then ♠ A. Y can keep any two Clubs and his Diamond. Three cards remain in each hand. If A has kept (i) one Club and two Diamonds, YZ make Queen and another Club; if (ii) two Clubs and Knave of Diamonds, Z leads ♦ 8, and YZ again win two Clubs. Can anything be plainer? We now leave "Uarria Boh!" to give the answer to his own question.

+ INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES. +

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-

street, London, E.C., in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 5. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final.

The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash.

N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the *Daily Mirror* no later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 18th.

Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

IMPORTANT . . . ANNOUNCEMENT.

..

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WILL ISSUE

CONTAINING

The Photographs of all those competitors who are eligible for competition for "THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN'S" PHOTOGRAPH PRIZES.

THE BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE COUNTRY . . .

Are competing, and no one who is interested in photography should miss this opportunity of securing a unique record of their works.

"Daily Mirror."

Please send to the following address..... copies of "The County Gentleman" of January 23, containing the special photograph supplement.

Name.....

Address.....

Price to be as usual, 6d.



A Chinchilla Toque, with bunches of pink roses at the sides.

THE ETHICS OF HEADGEAR.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HAT.

"MAY you be as unstable as a Christian's hat" is the curse among the Turks, who know, perhaps winsome, laughing Neil Gwynne intercepted some wandering Oriental malediction when she donned the cartwheel of a hat which was to trundle her into the good graces of a king.

Moral Influence.

It is curious on looking down the darkening ages that precede the dawn of the present century to observe how appropriate the headgear is to the preceding period. It is fearfully true that very often to the individual, but never anything but absolutely suitable to the time. The Saxon lady passed her days in simples and bread-giving among the vassals of her lord, and her modest wimple a pleasing indication of her state. The rams, the butterflies, and steeples of the days of chivalry, what a picture they conjure up of quixotic knights, damsels in distress, and long idle days of troubadours and castles in the air! Think of the careless grace of plume and drooping brim said in portraying the Puritans than that their hats were uncompromisingly stiff in the

Armenian Dress.

The fate of the Bourbons was as fittingly foretold in the heads of the women with their ships in full sail that flew before the gale of Revolution as the wagons or the post-chaises and four which more than once ran away with our own discretion. Could the monstrances of the Regency possibly be pernicious except at a time when hysterics were rampant and realities a bore?

Students of costume have come to London before now to study that unique adornment, the hat of the coster's donah. But changes are here, too. The wonderful hat which Henry VIII. took with him to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with its eight plumes, each of them a yard and a half long, would now scarcely find a party of envy to the factory girl. The sailor which she lately assumed points the moral which should adorn her: Self-respecting citizen that she is, wise laws, in the public esteem. But when

will the women of the lower classes take to the foreign fashion? Bare heads and glossy curls are at once cheap and beautiful.

No. 23.—PRACTICAL DRESSING GOWNS.

MOSTLY PERTAINING TO EXTRANEous DRESS MATTERS.

In an earnest pursuit of the obvious, as expressed by outward and visible raiment, those of us with purses not too generously elastic are apt to allow to slide to a quite unjustifiable moment the renewal of dressing-gowns and dressing-jackets and the like details of an in-

terior character, the freshness and relative elegance whereof are imperative to the really fastidious woman.

A draggle-tail dressing-gown is a sorry sight, which immediately brings the query whether dressing-gowns, in the proper and practical acceptance of the term, should ever be privileged to boast other than a merely incidental train. Such an appendage, when one comes to consider it, is quite superfluous, and asks a care and consideration that should by rights be expended on the conduct pertaining to the tending and tiring of the person.

An Adorable Fancy.

Of course, there are the Chinese gowns of wadded silk and ideal lightness combined with warmth, but only a few can afford the cost of these at their best, and the cheap imitations are not deserving of a moment's consideration. Perhaps the perfection of luxury has been attained in the Zenana silk gown. And since this adorable material is to be bought by the yard it may fitly be placed under the head of justifiable possibilities. A soft rose-pink is a delicious "nuance," and one that suggests itself persuasively in the cause of the pictured model which we have decided to include in our gallery of patterns.

Such shapeliness as obtains here rests entirely on the tucks, the back being a replica of the front. A flat foundation, built exactly to the outline of the fichu, is arranged, and on to this are the folds of silk applied, outlined at either edge by bands of white washing silk galon. Or the notion is equally applicable to a fine French flannel, with a cream guipure insertion substituted for the galon. Quantity of silk, twelve yards; flannel, nine yards; trimming, five and a half yards. Flat pattern, 6d.; tucked up, including flat, 2s. 7d.

MME. HANCOCK AND JAMES.

A SALE REPLETE WITH FASCINATIONS.

Wisely awaiting the termination of the first rush, the chatelaines of the Grafton Salon, 8, Grafton-street, have only just commenced their annual sale.

At the most this is an exclusive, rather than a gigantic, affair, and Mesdames Hancock and James are inaugurating the attractive departure of building special toques to suit individual requirements in the matter of colour and material at sale prices. By this means a large and specially-trained workroom is kept fully employed during the dull season.

Every item of superfluous stock here is necessarily being cleared to make room for modish substitutes, in the direct cause whereof Madame James has already paid a preliminary visit to Paris. In respect of the immediate bargains, however, toques and useful hats commence at 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., representing an average price for a really dressy purchase. Blouses of individual design are going at one guinea, a third of their original price; while the famed Grafton Salon corsets are marked throughout at ten per cent. less than the ordinary ruling prices. There will be no long-drawn-out effort to keep this sale afloat. It will merely serve its legitimate end and then cease to be.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to indicate the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d., or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.



No. 23.—A Dressing-Gown of soft rose-pink washing silk, lined with nun's veiling.



Japanese Geisha Posies on a little girl's cap.



THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 60.—POUDING AU RHUM.

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

INGREDIENTS.—Six eggs, five ounces of caster sugar, two ounces of cake crumbs, one ounce of ground almonds, one glass of rum, one lemon, grated nutmeg, one ounce chopped almonds.

Separate the whites of eggs from the yolks, put the yolks into a basin with the sugar, work with a wooden spoon, add the grated peel of a lemon, a little nutmeg, ground almonds, and cake crumbs which have been previously moistened with a small glass of rum. Whisk the white of eggs till stiff, and mix carefully with the mixture. Butter a timbale, or plain charlotte mould, sprinkle the interior with chopped almonds, and pour in the mixture. Steam for one hour in the usual manner. Pour a glass of rum over at the last moment before serving and set fire to it. Serve with a Sabayon au Rhum.

For Sabayon au Rhum put three ounces of castor sugar, three yolks of eggs, and a gill of cream in a stewpan, place it in a bain-marie over the fire, stir with a whisk till frothy, then add half a gill of rum, and whisk it until it begins to thicken and is of a light appearance.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Cold Veal and Ham Pie. Fish Cakes. Poached Eggs with Ham Toast. Potted Beef. Fried Sausages.

LUNCH.

Malligatawny Soup. Fish and Tomato Sauce. Scallops of Pheasant. Steak and Kidney Pie.

*Brussels Sprouts with Parmesan. Curried Eggs. Pineapple Fritters. Rhubarb Tart.

Cream Cheese, Pulled Bread.

COLD DISHES.

Chicken and Ham. Raised Pie. Mayonnaise of Eggs.

TEA.

Muffins. Savoury Egg Sandwiches. Genoese Cake. Chelsea Buns. Apricotines.

DINNER.

Julienned Soups. Beetroot Soup. Fish. Red Mullet. *Oyster Fritters.

Entrées.

Croquettes of Chicken. Cutlets à l'Indienne.

Roast.

Sirloin of Beef. Stuffed Ducks, Apple Sauce.

Game.

Roast Teal, Orange Salad. Chaudfroid of Quails.

Vegetables.

Artichokes au Crème. Potato Ribbons. Sweets.

*Homburg Creams. French Pancakes.

Savouries.

Anchovy Toast. Guyère Biscuits.

Ice.

Vanilla.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 212.—BRUSSELS SPROUTS WITH PARMESAN.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of brussels sprouts, two anchovies, one ounce of butter, two teaspoonsful of chopped parsley, four tablespoonsfuls of good thick cream, three tablespoonsfuls of grated Parmesan cheese.

Remove the outer leaves from the sprouts, wash them carefully, and let them stand in salted water for half an hour. Then put them in a pan of hot boiling water, to which you have added a little salt and a tiny piece of soda. Boil till the sprouts are tender, then drain them well, pressing them lightly. Skin the anchovies and wipe off all oil, chop them and fry them in the butter. Add the cream, the cheese, and the parsley, stir for a few minutes, then add the sprouts, gravy, and Parmesan cheese. Season carefully and mix all thoroughly together. Heap the sprouts in a hot dish and dust over the top a little extra grated Parmesan cheese.

Cost 10d. for four portions.

No. 213.—OSTER FRITTERS.

INGREDIENTS.—For the batter: Quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pint of tepid water, one tablespoonful of salad oil, the white of one egg, also twelve thin slices of fat bacon, one dozen oysters, lemon juice.

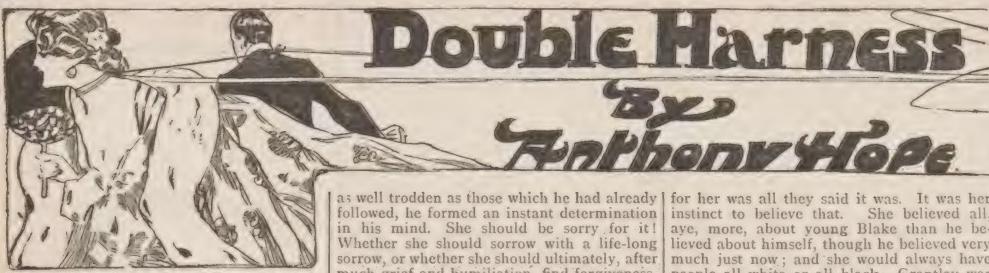
Mix the flour and salt together. Make a hole in the middle and pour in gradually the water and oil. Beat it till the batter is free from lumps. At the last add to it the white of egg, which must be beaten stiffly. Beard the oysters. Wrap each in a thin slice of fat bacon. Sprinkle each first with cayenne and lemon juice. Dip each roll in the batter, and fry in plenty of boiling frying fat. Drain them on paper. Serve very hot and garnish with fried parsley.

Cost 2s. 3d. for twelve portions.

No. 214.—HOMBURG CREAMS.

INGREDIENTS.—Five eggs, two lemons, half a pound of castor sugar.

Soften the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks lightly. Mix with them the sugar, grated lemon rind, and strained lemon juice. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiffly. Put the yolks, &c., into a jug, place it in a pan of boiling water, and stir over the fire till the contents of the jug are quite hot, but not boiling. Then add to it the whipped whites, stirring them in lightly. Take the jug off the fire. Pour the mixture into custard glasses, and serve cold. Cost 1s. 3d. for twelve portions.



Double Harness

By Anthony Hope

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND : A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON : Sibylla's husband.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD : Sibylla's brother ;
a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES : A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER X. (continued).

Jeremy stumped up and down the room, furiously exclaiming that he did not care whether he was a gentleman or not. He was a man. That was enough for him, and ought to be enough for anybody. Mrs. Mumple was positively frightened into agreeing with him on this point. But however sound the point might be, relations with the rectory were broken off. What was to be done? Jeremy determined to go to town, and lay before Grantley and Sibylla the unparalleled circumstances of the case. But first there was—well, there would be—one more stolen meeting. But it was not quite of the sort which might have been anticipated. Dora's levity was gone; she played with him no more. But neither did she follow the more probable course, and, under the influence of grief and the pain of separation, give the rein to her feelings, acknowledge her love, and exchange her vows for his. The old-fashioned standards had their turn; evidently the rectory upbraids had been very severe. Every disobedience, every trick, every broken promise rose up in judgment, and declared the sentence to be just, however severe. Jeremy was at a loss how to face this. He had been so convinced that nature was with them, and that nature spelt rectitude. He was aghast at a quasi-theological and entirely superstitious view that no good or happiness could come out of a friendship (Dora adhered obstinately to this word) initiated in such a way. He refused to recognise her wickedness and even his own. When she announced her full acceptance of the edict, her determination to evince penitence by absolute submission, he could only burst out:

"They haven't been cruel to you?"

"Cruel? No! They've been most—most gentle. I've come to see how wrong it was."

"Yet you're here!"

He could not resist the retort.

"For the last time, to say good-bye. And if you really care at all, you must do as I wish."

"But—I may write to you?"

"No, no, you mustn't."

"You can't stop me thinking about you."

"I shan't think of you. I shall pray to be blind not to. I'm sure I can be strong."

She had got this idea in her head. It was just the sort of idea that Sibylla might have got. She wanted to immolate herself. For such views in Sibylla Jeremy had always had denunciations ready. He had no denunciation now—only a despairing puzzle.

"I can't accept that, and I won't! Do you love me?"

"I'm going to keep my promise to say nothing. I've told you what I must do and what you must. I made up my mind—and then I went to the Sacrament to-day."

Jeremy rubbed his wrinkled brow, eying this determined penitent very ruefully. A sudden return to rectitude is disconcerting in an accomplice. He did not know what to do. But his bulldog persistence was roused and his square jaw set obstinately.

"Well, I shall consider what to do. I believe you love me, and I shan't sit down under this."

"You must!" she said. "And now, good-bye."

He came towards her, but her raised hand stopped him.

"Good-bye like this? You won't even shake hands?"

"No, I can't. Good-bye."

Of course he was sorry for her, but he was decidedly angry, too. He perceived a case of the selfishness of spiritual exaltation. His doggedness turned to surlyness.

"All right, then, good-bye," he said sulkily. "You're not angry with me?"

"Yes; I am."

She accepted this additional cross, and bore it meekly.

"That hurts me very much. But I must do right. Good-bye."

And with that she went, firm to the last, leaving Jeremy almost as furious with women as angry with her as he had ever been with the long-legged rectory girl.

Pursuing (though he did not know it) paths

as well trodden as those which he had already followed, he formed an instant determination in his mind. She should be sorry for it! Whether she should sorrow with a life-long sorrow, or whether she should ultimately, after much grief and humiliation, find forgiveness, he did not decide for the moment; but both ideas had their attraction. But, at any rate, she should be sorry, and that as soon as possible. How was it to be brought about? Jeremy conjectured that a remote and ill-ascertained success in original research would not make her sorry, and his conclusion may be allowed to pass; nor would a continuance of shabby clothes and an income of a hundred a year. This combination had once seemed all-sufficient. Nay, it would suffice now for true and whole-hearted love. But it was not enough to make a cruel lady repent of her cruelty, nor to convict a misguided zealot of the folly of his zeal. It was not dazzling enough for that. In an hour Jeremy threw his old ideal of life to the winds, and decided for wealth and mundane fame—speedy wealth and speedy mundane fame (speed was essential, because Jeremy's feelings were in a hurry). Such laurels and fruits were not to be plucked in Milldean. That very night Jeremy packed a well-worn leather bag and a square deal box. He was going to London, to see Grantley and Sibylla, to make them acquainted with the state of the case, and to set about becoming rich and famous as speedily as possible. His mind o'erleapt the process and saw it already completed—saw his return to Milldean rich and famous—saw his renewed meeting with Dora, the confusion of the rector and Mrs. Hutting, the unwavering—or possibly at last availing—regret and humiliation of Dora. It cannot truthfully be said that he went to bed altogether unhappy. He had his dream, even as Dora had hers; he had his luxury of prospective victory as she had hers of unreserved and accepted penitence; and they shared the conviction of a very extraordinary and unprecedented state of things.

So to town came Jeremy, leaving Mrs. Mumple alone in Old Mill House. She was not idle. She was counting months now—not years now, but months; and she was knitting socks, and making flannel shirts, and hemming big red handkerchiefs, and picturing and wondering in her faithful old heart what that morning would be like for whose coming she had waited so many, many years. Great hopes and great fears were under the ample breast of her unshapely merino gown.

In the Imason household the strain grew more intense. With rare tenacity, unimpaired confidence, and unbroken pride, Grantley maintained his attitude. He would tire out Sibylla's revolt; he would outstay the fit of sulks, however long it might be. But the strain told on him, though it did not break him; he was more away; more engrossed in his outside activities; grimmer and more sardonic when he was at home; careful to show no feeling which might expose him to rebuff; extending the scope of this conduct from his wife to his child, because his wife's grievance was bound up with the child. And Sibylla, seeing the attitude, seeing partially only, and therefore more resenting the monsters, created out of it and them a monster of insensibility, something of an inhuman selfishness, seeming the more horrible and unnatural from the unchanged, if cold, courtesy which Grantley still displayed. This image had been taking shape ever since their battle at Milldean. It had grown with the amused scorn which was on his face as he told her of the specialist's judgment, and made her see how foolish she had been, what an unnecessary fuss she had caused, how dangerous and silly it was to let one's emotions run away with one. It had defined itself yet more clearly through the months before and after the boy's birth, as Grantley developed his line of action and adhered to it, secure apparently from every assault of natural tenderness. Now the portentous shadow was all complete in her imagination, and the monster she had erected freed her from every obligation. By her hypothesis it was accessible by no appeal and sensitive to no emotion. Why, then, labour uselessly? It would indeed be to knock your head—yes, and your heart, too—against a flinty wall. As for trying to show or to cherish love for it—that seemed to her prostitution itself. And she had no tenacity to endure such a life as Grantley, and her image of Grantley, made for her. In her headlong fashion she had already pronounced the alternatives—death or flight.

And there was the baby boy in his helplessness; and there was young Blake with his ready hot passion, masked by those aspirations of his, and his fiery indignation seconding and applauding the despair of her own heart. For Blake knew the truth now—the truth as Sibylla's imaginings made it; and in view of that truth the thing his passion urged her to become a holy duty. His goddess must be no more misused; her misery must not be allowed to ensue.

Knowing his thought and what his heart was towards her, Sibylla turned to him as a child turns simply from a hard to a loving face. Here was a life wanting her life, a love asking hers. She had always believed people when they said they loved and wanted her; why, she had believed even Grantley himself—and was always convinced that their love

for her was all they said it was. It was her instinct to believe that. She believed all, ay, more, about young Blake than he believed about himself, though he believed very much just now; and she would always have people all white or all black. Grantley was all black now, and Blake was very white, white as snow, while he talked of his aspirations and his love, and tempted her to leave all that bound her, and to give her life to him. He tempted well, for he offered not pleasure, but the power of doing good and bestowing happiness. Her first natural love seemed to have spent itself on Grantley; she had no passion left, save the passion of giving. It was to this he made his appeal; this would be enough to give him all his way. Yet there was the child: He had not yet ventured on that difficult, uncertain ground. There was where the struggle would be; it was there that he distrusted the justice of his own demand on her, there that his passion had to drown the inward voices of protest.

It might have happened that Jeremy, with his fresh love and fresh ambitions, would have been a relief to such a position; that his appeal both to sympathy and to amusement would have done something to clear the atmosphere. So far as he himself went, indeed, he was irresistible; his frankness and his confidence were not to be denied. Trusting in the order of nature, he knew no bashfulness; trusting in himself, he had no misgivings. Without a doubt he was right. They all agreed that the old ideal of original research and a hundred a year must be abandoned, and that Jeremy must become rich and famous as soon as possible.

"Though whether you ought to forgive her in the end, I must say, a very difficult point," remarked Grantley, with a would-be thoughtful smile. "In cases of penitence, I myself favour forgiveness, Jeremy."

"But there is the revelation of her character," suggested Sibylla, taking the matter more seriously, or treating its want of seriousness with more tenderness.

"I'm inclined to think the young lady's right at present," said Blake. "What you have to do is to give her ground for changing her views—and to give her mother ground for changing hers, too."

Jeremy listened to them all with engrossed interest. Whatever their attitude, they all confirmed his view.

"You once spoke of a berth in the City?" he said to Grantley.

"Not much fame there; but perhaps you may as well take things by instalments."

"I don't like it, you know. It's not my line at all."

Blake came to the rescue. The Salfords drew their money from large and important dyeing-works, although Salford himself had retired from any active share in the work of the business. There was room for scientific aptitude in dyeing-works, Blake opined rather vaguely. "You could make chemistry, for instance, subserve the needs of commerce, couldn't you?"

"That really is a good suggestion," said Jeremy approvingly.

"Capital!" Grantley agreed. "We'll get at Salford for you, Jeremy; and, if necessary, we'll club together, and send to Tierra del Fuego, and buy Janet Salford a new dog."

"I begin to see my way," Jeremy announced. Whereat the men laughed, while Sibylla came round and kissed him, laughing, too. What a very short time ago, and she had been even as Jeremy, as sanguine, as confident, seeing her way as clearly, with just as little warrant of knowledge!

"Meanwhile, you mustn't mope, old chap," said Grantley.

"Mope? I've no time for moping. Do you think I could see this Salford to-morrow?"

"I'll give you a letter to take to him," laughed Grantley. "But don't ask for ten thousand a year all at once, you know."

"I know the world. When I really want a thing, I can wait for it."

But it was evident that he did not mean to wait very long. Grantley said ten thousand a year; a thousand would seem riches to the Milldean rectory folk.

"That's right. If you want a thing, you must be ready to wait for it," agreed Grantley, with smiling lips and a pucker on his brow.

"So long as there's any hope," added Sibylla.

These hints of underlying things went unnoticed by Jeremy, but Blake marked them. They were becoming more frequent now as the tension grew and grew.

"There's always a hope with reasonable people."

"Opinions differ so much as to what is reasonable."

"Dora's not reasonable at present, anyhow."

Jeremy's mind had not travelled beyond his own predicament.

The contrast he pointed, the mocking memories he stirred, made his presence accentuate and embitter the strife, confirming Sibylla's despair, undermining even Grantley's obstinate self-confidence; while to Blake his example, however much one might smile at it, seemed to cry, "Courage!" He who would have the prize must not shrink from the struggle.

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ART AND ACTUALITY

ON AN OMNIBUS.

We stayed at the fourth exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors (you observe they place the sculptors first!), Painters, and Gravers at the New Gallery till the light gave, and then we adjourned for tea, and how my companions talked! And how I disagreed with almost everything they said about the exhibition.

But our disagreements as critics and members of the public were nothing compared with the disagreements of the exhibitors. In a somewhat wide experience of Press views, Private views, and Varnishing days, I have never seen so much temper shown, not by the critics, but by certain painters who are Associates of the International Society.

I am a Quietist, an optimist when I am in health, a spectator rather than a participant in the hurly-burly. I am also (within limits) of the Ruskinian remnant, with an idolatrous regard for Manet and Degas, one who finds in art a mistress consoling, stimulating, responsive, and quiet. You perceive also, that I am a little garrulous. But the occasion warrants it. For when I entered the large room of the New Gallery on Varnishing day, I asked myself: "Is this a political meeting in Mid-Devon?"

An excited group of painters, mostly belonging to the Scottish school, confronted me, gesticulating, using their fists in what I must describe as corybantic attitudes, threatening, with wild words, to remove their pictures from the walls. And these were Associates of the International Society which we have been told again and again, was founded to promote amity and catholicism, down to enable the little outsider lamb to lie with the big outsider lion. Strange!

An Exhibitor's Despair.

The hubbub arose from the fact that the Executive Council, no doubt with the best intentions, had hung the walls of the north room with white muslin. That, to me, does not detract from the beauty of the pictures, but to the Scottish school, to whom the relations of tones and the delicate harmonies of colours mean so much, this white background was a terrible discovery.

"If I had known there was to be a white background, I would have painted my picture for a white background," said one of them, "a fine painter, to me, and there was such concentration of feeling and despair in his utterance that I felt for him, and realised that the public is a comparatively unimportant detail may be a matter of vital importance to the artist."

"I, reader, may judge for yourself and may learn something from your attempt to judge." Study Mr. T. Millie Dow's "Eve," the tender, luminous flesh, the symbolism of the tentative figure beneath the blue of infinity, the bark of the trees evolving into the seals, the backs of serpents, the subtle relation of the tones of the picture one to another, and then decide for or against the background. This protest from some of its own members should also hint to the International that it is easier to lead a team over difficult places than to drive it from the box seat, and perhaps it will make them a little more charitable to the Royal Academy executive.

I, too, have a protest to make. If there is one artist who should be treated justly and generously by the International it is Mr. Maxime Greiffenhagen. I welcome the strides the International is making for the opportunity it should offer to such fine artists as the "An Idyll." What has happened? His portrait of a group is hidden away in the dark balcony. And yet room on the line has been found for Mr. Gothaard Kuehl's discordant experiments.

A Little Late.

The above remarks formed the staple of my contribution to that tea-party talk. When it was over I found that one of the company was going my way. We climbed upon an omnibus, and resumed our consideration of the afternoon's adventures among pictures. There was much to recall, for the exhibition is indeed international. Many countries contributed, and Great Britain has been remarkably successful. My companion, who, as an appreciator of art, is a little fierce, quickly let me know that he had a clear notion of what had interested him at the exhibition. He plumped his Sloane-street his appreciation of Zuloaga, snatched from his lips like bullets from a Maxim gun.

Zuloaga is cleverness personified. His witty, piquant representations of the pleasure of Spain, gay and chic as his painting, was new to my companion. It gave a new turn to the Kaleidoscope of his life, a fresh amusement subject for mental titillation. But to me Zuloaga's dexterity, which a year ago was "le dernier cri" in Continental success, had ceased to be a novelty. I had passed through the phases of amazement and admiration in Paris last year, where Zuloaga had been busy with polo or politics, had found time to visit Paris in 1903.

The difference between an International and a Royal Academy exhibition is this: The exhibits at the International are not new, and striking. They had gazed with delight the other day in a London gallery upon Mathew Maris's "Valparaiso." I had seen in a private house; the

aquatints and etchings of M. Louis Legrand and Edgar Chahine were old friends, and although I had not seen it before, the brilliant draughtsmanship of Monet's ugly, realistic "Le Déjeuner" must be familiar to many. In brief, this exhibition is a sort of combination in miniature of the New Salon, the Royal Academy, the Luxembourg, and the Goupié Gallery, very small, beautifully spaced, and as catholic as the news department of a daily newspaper. It is a frank statement of the cosmopolitanism of art.

Too Much Variety.

"How some of the exhibitors must hate the work of the other exhibitors," I said to my companion.

Why?

"Because the artist whose vision is all for beauty of form, line, decoration, composition, or colour must hate ugliness, however clever. M. Le Sidaner, that mystical dreamer, whose pictures à l'heure crépuscule have all the loveliness of gems and flowers, must shudder before the vulgarities of M. Gaston Hoehard."

"Vulgarity has been defined as the manners of other people."

"And what must the large, reticent personality of Mr. Charles H. Shannon, painter of 'The Bathers' and 'The Toilet,' think of 'The Dancer,' by Mr. Alfred H. Maurer, or 'The Harnessed Centaur,' by Herr Franz Stuck?" The exhibition reminds me of a dish I used to enjoy and suffer from at school, called "Weaver's Goose." It contained delightful and wonderful things, but the mixture was too lavish. There are pictures and sculptures at the International that I would walk miles to see, but why did they hang M. Charles Cottet's "The Setting Sun?"

My companion did not answer. He seemed

HOW TO DEAL WITH DUNCES.

Suggestions for Boys Who Are Apparently Stupid.

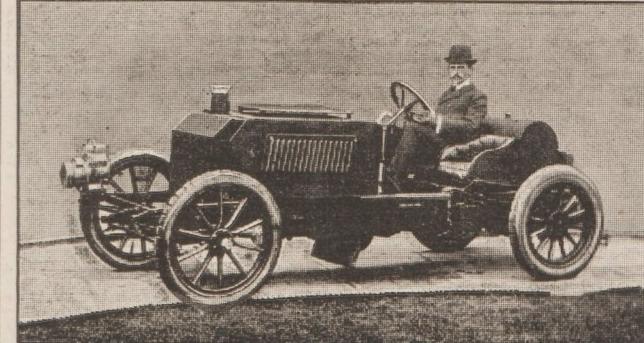
The article which we published on "The Problem of the Dunce" has touched a spot in the heart and mind of many a parent. Out of many notions we have received for dealing with such cases we select a few of the most sensible:—

"The Problem of the Dunce," writes Ethel B. Handford, "is a problem of many sides. The schoolmaster who wrote a day or two ago has presented one—a true and real one, and one which produces an unstinted outflow of sympathy for the unhappy master.

"But it is one side only. The boy's side is a still larger one, and when we hear of the 'stupid' (save the mark!) boy who was under one class-master for the whole of his non-progressive school life, we feel considerably more sympathy for the boy, who was having his whole life spoiled by such a piece of adult crass stupidity.

"No one need impute fault to the class-master. He may have been in every way excellent for class work. But one thing is perfectly clear, the natures of master and boy were out of concert and out of response to each other—a cause of more schoolroom misery and school-life disaster than any other!"

"In home schoolrooms the same thing happens constantly. A tutor or a governess works with three children. With two of them the whole thing goes splendidly; with the third, for some reason, no one quite knows



The 120-h.p. Napier racing car which Lieutenant-Colonel Mayhew will drive in the eliminating trial for this year's Gordon-Bennett race.

to be peering down at the contents bills of the evening papers in High-street, Kensington, and was plainly tired of the subject of pictures, and of my talk.

So I continued. The South room, which contains drawings, etchings, pastels, coloured prints, and so on, is a feast in itself. Just consider M. Louis Legrand's aquatints, Mr. Edgar Chahine's drawing of a workman advancing towards you down the pavement, and Max Klinger's haunting and terrible "Mother and Child." There's symbolism for you. And yet as I sit here in the fog, and recall all I have seen this afternoon, two things hug close to me—one modest, the other tremendous. The modest thing is a little picture hidden away in the balcony, just a study of trees and sheep, very simple, very beautiful, by Mr. Montague Smythe, called "Solitude." The tremendous thing is M. Rodin's "Le Grand Penseur." It dominates the gallery as eternity dominates life.

This great, white, brooding figure has the elements of that rare art that outlives the present, reading a lesson to the dexterous, facile modern, giving him—

My companion awoke from his reverie. "The Board of Trade returns of imports and exports don't really affect Mr. Cham—"

Hastily I picked up my umbrella and alighted from the omnibus.

P.S.—Yesterday I visited the New Gallery again to discover that Mr. Greiffenhagen has taken his picture home. Also that Mr. T. Millie Dow, by removing the glass from his "Eve," has counteracted, in some measure, the harshness of the white muslin.

C. L. H.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S CHAMPIONS.

The illustration on this page shows the 120 h.p. Napier racing car which Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew, L.C.C., will drive in the forthcoming eliminating trials for this year's Gordon-Bennett race.

He is by no means unaccustomed to the racing track, and took part in the Paris-Madrid race of last year with conspicuous success, passing eighty-three other competitors in the first five hours, until that ill-fated event was abandoned.

The new Napier racing car embodies many unique and interesting features, but the non-technical reader will best appreciate its potentialities from the fact that, while capable of a speed of over ninety miles an hour, it may be stopped and re-started with remarkable facility.

Should Lieutenant-Colonel Mayhew get through his eliminating trials satisfactorily it is his intention to drive for England in the great international contest of the coming summer.

what, it doesn't go at all! And the unhappy third is in ceaseless scrapes with 'stupid,' 'dunce,' and 'naughty' as the mildest of the adjectives applied to him."

Benefit of a Change.

The same idea is to be found in the letter of "A Father of Four Boys," who is evidently bringing them up in a sensible way:—

"When a mother sees a particular food doesn't suit one of the children in the nursery she changes it and tries another. When a doctor finds a medicine doesn't suit a patient he doesn't trouble to blame either the patient or the medicine, he simply changes it for one that answers that individual nature better."

"Then why curse a boy by wasting the years of his life that he can never have again, by sitting him down under some particular master or some particular system of education, for whom or for which we have conceived a high esteem, because he or it has answered so well in other cases?"

The desirability of teaching boys what they are anxious to learn is insisted upon by James Wilson, who writes from Rugby:—

"Find out a child's hobby—every child has a hobby, if people will only look for it for him, and look for it until they find it. And every hobby can be made the keynote of a scheme of education."

The hobby may be 'stamp collecting.' Into 'stamp collecting' any enthusiastic tutor can interweave a very valuable twelve months course of history, geography, and international coinage that will prove useful in itself and give time for the other interests to awake.

"If it is 'birds' eggs,' treat 'birds' eggs' seriously. The habitat of the various species will give a boy the geography of the world, and far more of botany, geology, kindred natural history, and so on, than he could acquire in a twelve-month if he worked the full twenty-four hours a day."

Case for the Doctor.

Lastly "A Parent" points out the wisdom of consulting a doctor about "stupidity," just as if it were any other boyish complaint. "Very often a specialist physician will find out a trouble that parents and guardians and schoolmaster have sought in vain. I know one boy. 'The stupidest of the stupid' was his daily report at home and at school until in despair his mother took him to town to a physician to ask him if he were really weak-minded. 'The only thing that is the matter with him,' said the doctor, 'is adenoids at the back of his throat that your own doctor ought to have seen five years ago and saved all this.' In three weeks the boy was back at work. In a year he took home prizes in the class that his age justified, despite all the wasted time and endless abuse."

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

"WORKLESS AND USELESS."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*)

May I, as an employer, add my experience of the lack of capable, educated "women" willing to work?

I required an educated gentlewoman (not under thirty-five) for office work, chiefly interviewing and correspondence, in a country town.

The salary offered was a fair one for the country (neither typing nor shorthand required). The gentlewoman would be entirely her own mistress, with a junior under her, salary 10s. to 12s. a week—good commission, furnished rooms, fire, lights, and many other privileges.

An advertisement in one of the leading papers resulted in sixty answers. Of these sixteen were postcards, running after this style:—"I will take the post. Please send address and fare." Or, "Send full particulars of advertisement. What is the salary? Are roads good for cycling? What society?" etc. Only about five out of the sixty gave any particulars of themselves.

Only two were in the least likely. One considered the hours much too long, and "to begin work at 9.30 gave no time for an early walk, as recommended by her medical man."

The other could not entertain leaving London and all her friends, and was sorry she had not thought of that before answering the advertisement!

And yet women complain that they cannot get work.

AN ADMIRER OF THE D. M.

BOYCOTTING PROTESTANTS?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*)

Your correspondents in Ireland have, so far, only stated one side—the Protestant side—of the case. Will you not allow your readers to see the other side also?

I can assure you that "bigotry" has nothing whatever to do with this new—and commendable—movement in Ireland. It is self-defence pure and simple.

During the past sixty or seventy years a man's Protestantism in Ireland was a passport into all the fat berths. The Catholic Association had no quarrel with that so long as Protestantism and real merit were always in company. But they were not, and what the C.A. is fighting for is bare justice and equality—beliefs beloved of the average Englishman.

It is a notorious fact that a mere Catholic stands a ghostly chance of even clerical work at Guinness's Brewery, the Great Northern (of Ireland) Railway, the Midland, the Great Southern, etc.

I have myself been turned away from one great Irish firm because I happened to belong to the "idolatrous creed."

The cry of "bigotry" is mere nonsense. Everybody who has lived a couple of decades in Ireland knows only too well that Irish Catholics have always been too prone to take their beating abjectly lying down. We do not mean to let this go on, at which I, as a Papist, say thank God.

CARRAGH BHADHTE.

CONSOLATION BY SONG.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*)

A few years ago a friend of the late eminent artiste, Madame Antoinette Sterling, fell on evil days after suddenly losing her husband, and started a very fashionable bonnet shop in the West End.

This lady had known the great singer well in her palmy days, and it was characteristic of the latter's kindness of disposition to pay an early call at her friend's shop.

When she entered, reminiscences of her happier days overcame the desolate widow and she could not speak for suffocating tears. Antoinette Sterling, with her marvellous tact only said, "Don't speak, dear, but listen to me," and she sang, as only she could sing it, "Don't be sorrowful, Darling," and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, etc., from Sullivan's "Light of the World." After this soothng consolation she gave her friend a large order for all she would require on a forthcoming tour.

KENTISHWOMAN.

DISTRIBUTION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*)

I should like to point out that "A Poor Vicar's" suggestion to redistribute the various stipends of the clergy would be most unfair to the parishes thus robbed.

The original benefactors in most cases bequeathed their money as they thought fit to the parishes they were interested in and felt had a claim upon them, and it would be most unjust to deprive those parishes of what is theirs by right, because other parishes have not sufficient means.

It is not as if the State provided the incomes, then rearrangement would be fair enough.

I am not raising the point of sub-dividing large incomes where there are more churches required in the same parish area.

It would be a poor inducement to provide for livings if a committee could come down and say, Here is a good living, and we will divide among three or four parishes that possibly the benefactor was not interested in,

A POOR LAYMAN.

"DAILY MIRROR" SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

12 words or less 1/- (Id. per word afterwards).

Small Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carshalton Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (Id. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

GROOMMAN: single-handed or otherwise; £600 reference.—Prestwich, Southgate.

GENTLEMAN: wishes to recommend his late butler who was with him five years—best and most trusty; town preferred.—W. W. Mayfair.

HANDY MAN (middle-aged) seeks place; clean house, good windows, almost anything.—Engaged 9 to 11 mornings.—45 Harebury-vile, London.

TIMER-KEEPER: porter; lodger's place wanted; club or private; late senior porter and lodger.—49 Harebury-vile, 15, St. George's N.W.

Cooks.

COOK (very good): where厨娘—Is there a good cook?—A. Harper, Gatwick.

COOK (plain): lady recommends; in small country house; good character.—Mrs. Newington.

COOK (good): daily or permanent work required;—W. C., 44, Burton-crescent.

COOK (good): three in family; three servants; good references essential.—Mrs. Hart, Chorlton-park, Finsbury.

COOK (good): young Housemaid; February 3; sisters; R.C.; 16, Uffington-road, St. John's Park, N.E.

SITUATION: wanted as good plain Cook.—L. 24, Quay-road, Kilburn.

General Servants.

DAILY servant required by two friends (parents); good cooking and housework, or would like to learn.—W. 24, 22, 24, G., 4, Oakley.

USEFUL help, to elderly lady, requires daily service.—Write 818, Daily Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY world take (temporary or otherwise) maid and children during vacation.—Excellent references.—Daily Mirror, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Companion.

COMPANION (useful); disengaged; domestic; good references.—Earl's Court.

Nurses.

LADY highly recommends her maternity experience (Charlotte); good kind and honest; in the house; disengaged middle aged; good Colville-gardens' references.—Mrs. Baywater.

NURSE (German-Swiss): well-educated, good needlewoman;—Dudl, 3a, Crediton.

Housemaids.

GIRL, young, not out before, requires situation.—Car. M. H., 142, Brook-street, Kensington.

HOUSEMaid's situation—wanted; age 17; 40, Bourne-road, Brixton.

Kitchenmaid.

KITCHENMAID, with Scullery Maid; disengaged.—Hornsey, N. 8.

Miscellaneous.

CLERK (fidy); seven years' experience; good appearance and quick writer.—F. 5.

DRESSMAKER (experienced); clever in renovation; lady's house or home.—W. 55, Brixton-road, N.

LADY (young) own machine, experienced, six years' service post as clerk.—W. 27, Hoxton-crescent, W.C.

Parlourmaids.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, good appearance, and January.—Apply Mrs. Williams, Ivy Bank, Chishurst.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID required at once.—Apply 10.30 or after 6, N. 2, Felhamstreet, South Kensington.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Cooks.

COOK and House-Parlourmaid wanted for small flat West.—Write 802, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK or Useful Help wanted; under 35; good wages; two in family; house-parlourmaid kept.—Apply Mrs. Beaumont, Hylands, Springfield-road, N.W.

COOK (good plain); end January; three servants kept.—Apply Mrs. Williams, Ivy Bank, Chishurst.

COOK (good plain) required for Eastbourne, Mrs. Martin, 52, Abingdon-villa, High-street, Kensington.

COOK (good plain); wages 25 to 30; maid six years with advertiser; dine midday.—Mundy, 44, Mount View-road, Crouch Hill, N.

COOK and House-parlourmaid wanted by Jan. 22; for Earl's Court.—Write 804, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain) wanted; or Cook-General; small family; no boots, knives, or coal; house-parlourmaid kept; wages 24-26 to begin.—Apply Mrs. Knight, Wingfield House, Banstead, Surrey.

COOK (good plain) and House-Parlourmaid wanted for young Lady.—Apply Mrs. Smith, The Varne, Christchurch Park, Sutton, Surrey.

COOK (plain) wanted, for small private house; last cook six years; present housemaid six years with advertiser; dine midday.—Mundy, 44, Mount View-road, Crouch Hill, N.

COOK and House-parlourmaid wanted by Jan. 22; for Earl's Court.—Write 804, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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COOK (good plain) and House-Parlourmaid wanted for young Lady.—Apply Mrs. Smith, The Varne, Christchurch Park, Sutton, Surrey.

COOK (plain) wanted, for small private house; last cook six years; present housemaid—letter only, Roskell, 2, Warwick-gardens, Kensington.

COOKS Wanted.—A little book, "Try it," shown by Mrs. Humphry ("Madge of Truth"), shows how to do it. It gives directions saving time and money, will be forwarded post free to any address, along with a sample of the book. Price 2s. Send 2s. postage and a circular of a special free offer of a pair of Dent's superior King Gloves, or a set of six handsome Custard Spoons. This great offer is repeated. All who keep a house, all housewives, housekeepers, and cooks, are invited to write at once to a person who will do for them what it is possible to do for themselves.—F. 45, Liverpool, Lancashire.

HANDY MAN (middle-aged) seeks place; clean house, good windows, almost anything.—Engaged 9 to 11 mornings.—45 Harebury-vile, London.

COOK (good):—Wanted for a large house, 21, Grosvenor-vile; town preferred.—W. W. Mayfair.

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